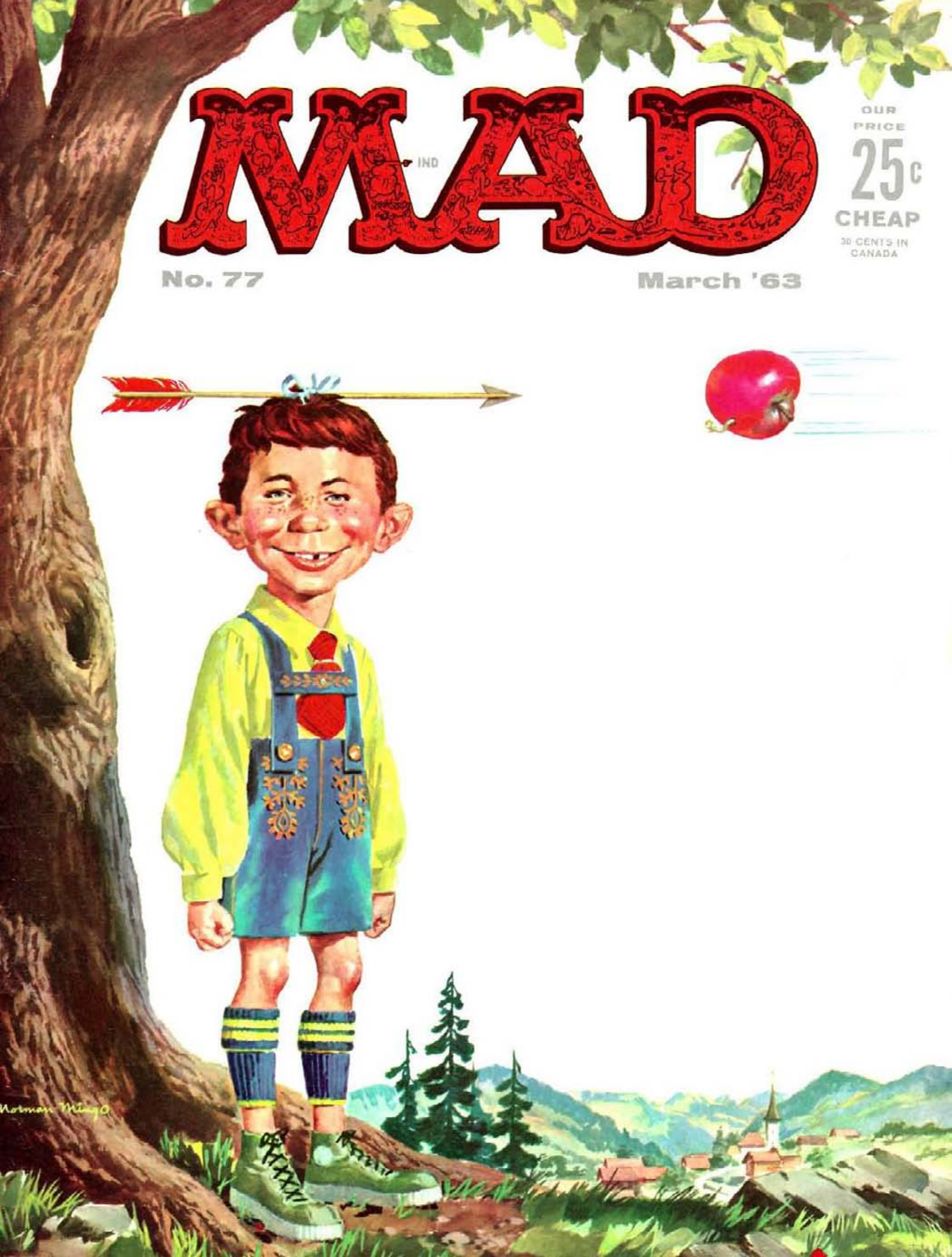

MAD
IND
OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP
30 CENTS IN CANADA
No. 77
March '63
Norman Mingo

*America's 12 Most Conniving Artists


Norman Rookworld


Albert Dun


Al Pilfer


John Whitconman


Austin Brigand


Ben Stole


Fred Looterkid


Robert Forage


Harold Voracity


Dong Kingmulet


Peter Heft


Steven Dohandus

*We're looking for idiots who like to draw

MONEY OUT OF THE BANK TO GIVE US

IF YOU LIKE to draw, but haven't the time to go to art school, you can become a famous artist by learning right in your own home. Does this sound impossible to you? Well, that's only because *it is!*

Some time ago, America's 12 Most Conniving Artists discovered that there were many talented people in this country who could start earning fortunes of money if only they knew how to enter the lucrative art field. So we decided to do something about it. We decided that these people would become artists *over our dead bodies!*

After all, when you really think about it, why would 12 successful, busy guys like us, making barrels of money in this art racket, want to help anybody *else* get started in it, and face the threat of having these newcomers take the bread out of our mouths?

A Plan To Save Our Necks

So here's what we did: The 12 of us got together and organized a series of impressive lessons covering various aspects of drawing and painting . . . lessons that anyone could take right in their own homes for ridiculously high rates. Well, actually, we 12 didn't exactly organize these art lessons. An unemployed Times Square tattoo artist named Ferdie (we don't know his last name) took care of that. He also takes care of the individual personal criticisms, and all the rest of that junk. Mostly what we do is lend our names to this advertising campaign, and pose for the wonderful pictures you see in these ads.

Fantastic Success Stories

Following are some examples of folks who have taken our art course and profited handsomely. Naturally, we made up most of these people and their stories ourselves. But we did manage to land a few legitimate testimonials from veterans of ALLSTATE and CREST TOOTHPASTE commercials, all of whom will say *anything* for a price.

F'rinstance, there's Effie Gronvlop. (One thing we've learned is that when you make up names, always have them sound odd. This gives them an irresistible air of authenticity.) Effie had never drawn or painted before in her life. She took our course, and in no time at all she was commissioned to do a 120 foot mural for the United Nations Building in N.Y. The U.N. officials agreed to a man that the mural was a painstaking and honest piece of work, even though it was terrible.

Fantasticker Success Stories

Grace Kelly left her dull, drab acting career in Hollywood and married Prince Ranier of Monaco. She immediately became fantastically wealthy. While this has nothing to do with our art course, you'll have to admit it's a fabulous success story.

And, last but not least, Birdie J. Dufflebag, of CREST TOOTHPASTE commercial fame, has this to say: "After taking your wonderful course, I had 38% fewer cavities!"

Send For Ridiculous Talent Test

To find other men and women with bankbooks worth exploiting, we have created a special 20-page Art Talent Test with sneaky little questions that also determine your net worth. People who reveal talent through this test are eligible to pay us handsomely for our home training course. Simply mail this coupon today. However, you might as well save yourself some time and postage, because we've got wonderful news for you. You have already passed the test, you show great promise, you have lots of talent, and we're extremely proud of you!

Conniving Artists Schools
Studio Apt. 2, Wotta, Conn.

Please start sending me your Conniving Art Course, since I am eligible—having already passed your art talent test. I understand that it will cost me no more than my entire life's savings, and that with it—plus a good deal of hard work—plus some unbelievable luck—and mainly plus the untimely deaths of you 12, Al Capp, Mort Walker, Pablo Picasso, and 500 other cartoonists and artists, I still stand about 1 chance in 100,000 of ever becoming successful in the art field.

Mr.
Mrs. ____________________
Miss PLEASE PRINT

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ________

Age ____________ Gullibility ________

NUMBER 77 MARCH 1963

MAD

"One big reason you see so many kids running around the streets at night is that they're afraid to stay home alone!"—Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin
LAWSUITS: *Martin J. Scheiman* **PUBLICITY:** *Richard Bernstein*
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Nelson Tirado
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD — March, 1963 Vol. 1, Number 77, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective.

VITAL FEATURES



Thirty days has Septober, Amy, Lou, and no wonder! If this makes no sense to you, wait'll you read our article on **MAD** calendars!



Hollywood can recoup some of its losses by having a surplus sale of the props used *in lousy movies* – if it can't stop making them.



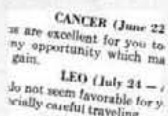
It's our contention that if five cartoonists told the same joke: "Why does a chicken cross the road?" – they'd each lay an egg!



After suffering with this new trend on TV – "Lawyer Shows" – we offer our **MAD** version of one of them to say loudly: "We object!"



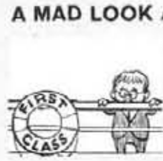
Pictorial yacht flags for the home? – Well, it's an idea we can run up the flagpole – if they don't hang us from it first!



Observing stars and charting their erratic courses has proved profitable for many people. Just ask any Hollyw'd gossip columnist.



Women shouldn't mind the ribbing they take in this article. After all, they profited from that first rib they took from Adam.



With today's fast, cheap transportation, folks are traveling more. With this article, we may be forced to leave town ourselves!

LETTERS DEPT.



MAD NEWSPAPERMAN

I am herewith cancelling my subscription to *The Atlantic Monthly* in favor of MAD. You are the only publication left in the United States, or in the world, for all I know, that allows no sacred cows to interfere with its social protest. Even *The New York Times*, which may have been great in the days of the "Tweed Ring", values its advertising too much to expose things like the great "Packaging Scandal" as you have done. As an overweight newspaperman, I deeply resent, respectively, gyp candy bars and sacred cows.

Michael Kernan
Redwood City, Calif.

REGENERATED SPIES

One question: Your "Spy Vs. Spy" characters are continuously being mauled, maimed and mutilated by each other. The results—they're back again the following month with nary a mark on them. What is the secret of their amazing regenerative power?

Cynthia Murphy
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Antonio Prohias tells us that his "Spies" are regenerated and back again each month because his bill collectors are regenerated and back again each month, and he needs the money!—Ed.

MISSING ANTHOLOGIES

In past issues, you advertised three Mad Anthologies. Now you only advertise one! What happened to the other two?

Morgan Wright
State College, Pa.

Nothing! . . . That was the trouble!—Ed.

Please address all mail on this issue to: MAD, Dept. 77, 850 Third Avenue New York City 22, New York

MAD DOGS AND PUSSY CATS

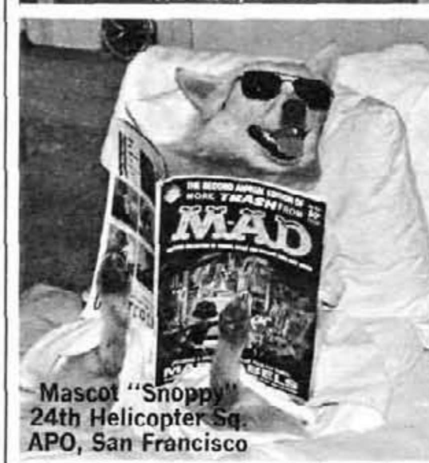
For some strange reason, we keep getting snapshots of pets reading MAD. Well, we don't care who we sell to . . . as long as they enjoy our trash. But we hope this sampling will put a welcome end to pics of MAD "going to the dogs . . . and cats"!



"Dusty" Dainow
Montreal, Canada



Kallay's "Cat"
Trenton, Mich.



Mascot "Snoppy"
24th Helicopter Sq.
APO, San Francisco


"Bibi" Winborn
Dallas, Texas


Erickson's "Dog"
Phoenix, Ariz.


"Brutus" Colangelo
Pelham Manor, N. Y.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF MAD published Monthly except Feb., May, August & Nov. at New York, N.Y. for Oct. 1, 1962.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: William M. Gaines, 850 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. 22; Editor: Albert B. Feldstein, 850 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. 22; Managing Editor: None; Business Manager: None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) E.C. Publications, Inc., 850 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. 22; Premier Corporation of America, 1410 Broadway, N.Y.C. 18; Botany Industries, Inc., 717 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 22; A. M. Sonnabend, 464 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.; Frank G. Binswanger, 1420 Walnut St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.; Arnold A. Saltzman, 1410 Broadway, N.Y.C. 18; Michael Daroff, 717 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 22.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 1,293,705.

William M. Gaines

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1962. Claire S. Stolzenberg, Notary Public, State of New York No. 31-3860250. Qualified in New York County. My Commission Expires March 30, 1963

You'll Never Be Starved For Laughs



WHEN YOU . . .

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

use coupon or duplicate

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

I'm on to your "skullduggery", but this ad is the "last straw"! I'm "brainwashed"! It may be the worst "bonehead" play I'll make, but here's my $2.00. Please enter my name on your subscription list, and send me the next nine issues of **MAD.** *Now let's hope I don't "lose face", and my folks don't "skin me alive" when they find out what I've done!*

Outside U. S. A.: $2.50

NAME____________

ADDRESS____________

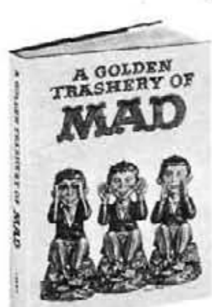
CITY____________ ZONE____

STATE____________

Please allow **8 weeks** for subscriptions to be processed

THIS BOOK BANNED IN BOSTON?

No such luck! If it were, we might've sold a few copies of . . .



"A GOLDEN TRASHERY OF MAD"

But what's the use? There's no sex in this de luxe hard-cover anthology. Just one hundred and thirty-six pages (many in vivid color) of the best humor, ad satires, parodies and garbage to appear in past issues of **MAD.** In other words, it's a permanent collection of temporary insanity. If you missed any of this idiocy — or if you read it, and you want a lasting reminder of what a fool you were in the first place, this book is for you!

MAD ANTHOLOGY
850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

I enclose $2.95. Please rush
THE GOLDEN TRASHERY OF MAD

NAME____________

ADDRESS____________

CITY____________ ZONE____

STATE____________

PALMING OFF THE DATES DEPT.

You've probably noticed that more and more magazines are coming out with yearly "Calendars" in an effort to squeeze a little bit of extra cash out of their readers' pockets. Well, since we don't resort to such sneaky tricks . . . mainly because we haven't been able to come up with a clever enough Calendar idea . . . we'd like to save you some money. Yep, there's absolutely no need to buy any of these Calendars because we now present

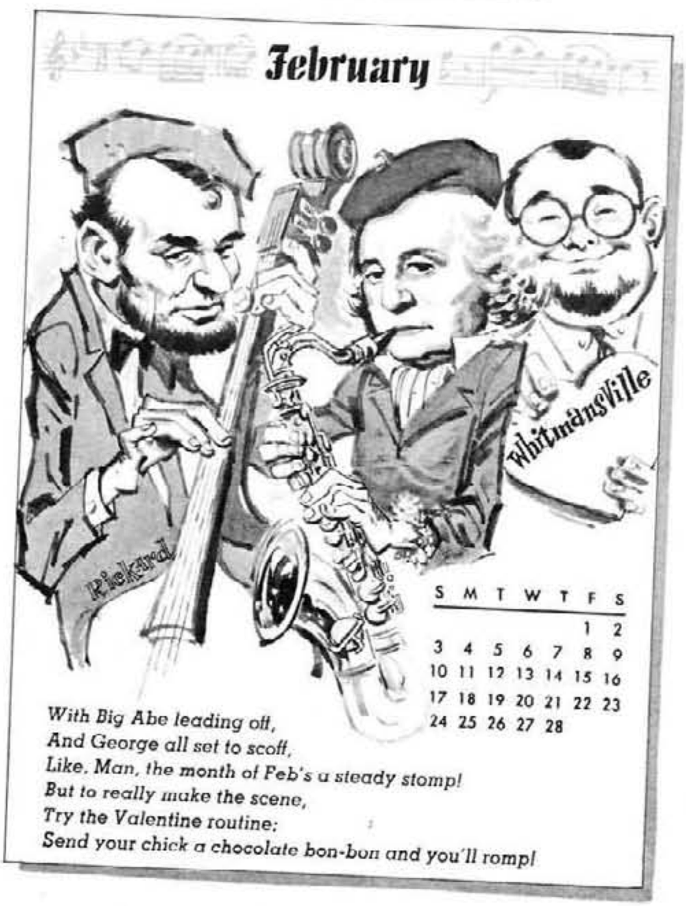
MAD'S 1963 ALL-INCLUSIVE MAGAZINE CALENDAR

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

For readers of: **TRUE CONFESSIONS**



For readers of: **DOWNBEAT**





For readers of: **SAGA**



For readers of: **JACK and JILL**



For readers of: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	



See the cars go 'round the speedway—whiz-whiz-whiz-whiz-SMASH!
The crowd is pleased! They're out for blood! How great! A ten-car crash!
There's not much room to race with all those bodies in the way;
No wonder this mass suicide is held Memorial Day!

For readers of: **PLAYBOY**

JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24	25	26	27	28	29



This Playmate thinks that wedding bells
Are ringing in her head;
She'll lose her beau
'Cause Playboys know
They're "better dead than wed"!

For readers of: **ADVERTISING AGE**

SEPTEMBER



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

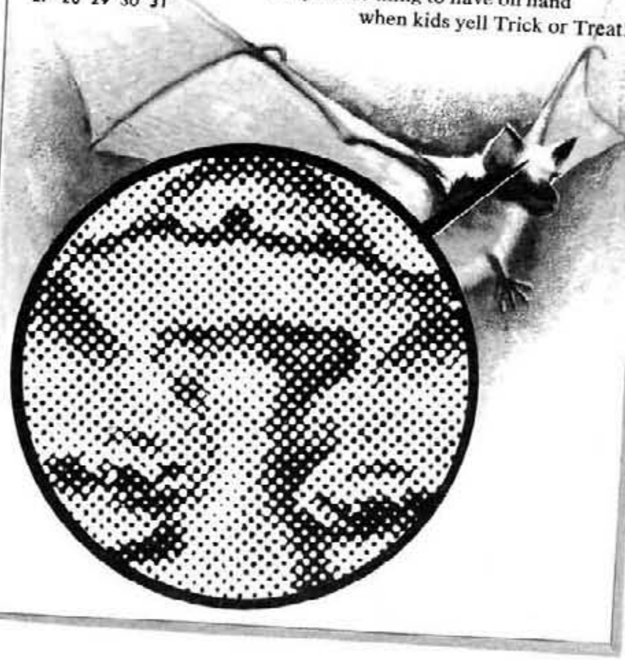
September brings kids back to school,
So Mr. Adman, play it cool;
The grade-school market's very big this year;
Don't wait until they're old and gray,
But hook the toddlers right away
On whiskey, cigarettes, cigars and beer!

For readers of: **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**

OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

October brings us Halloween,
and so it won't fall flat—
We've magnified ten thousand times
this brain cell of a bat;
The nucleus is super-keen,
the cytoplasm's neat;
It's just the thing to have on hand
when kids yell Trick or Treat!



For readers of: **LADIES HOME JOURNAL**

JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



July is famous for the Fourth—
to women, take your stand!
Declare your Independence!
Show you've got the upper hand!
If husbands should object,
Then show no pity on the jerks—
Just treat them to your own display
of indoor fireworks!

For readers of: **MOTOR TREND**

AUGUST



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

The Aardvark-3 is great to drive;
It takes a curve at 95;
Its speed no other sports car can excel;
But these things matter not at all—
With August traffic at a crawl,
A '37 Nash would do as well!

For readers of: **OFFICIAL DETECTIVE**

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



With silent stroke the killer struck
that cold Thanksgiving Day—
The gleaming blade was raised,
then fell to slay his helpless prey!
The killer worked with speed
and soon he knew the rap was beaten;
Because within the day, the corpse
was roasted, stuffed and eaten!

For readers of: **TIME**

DECEMBER



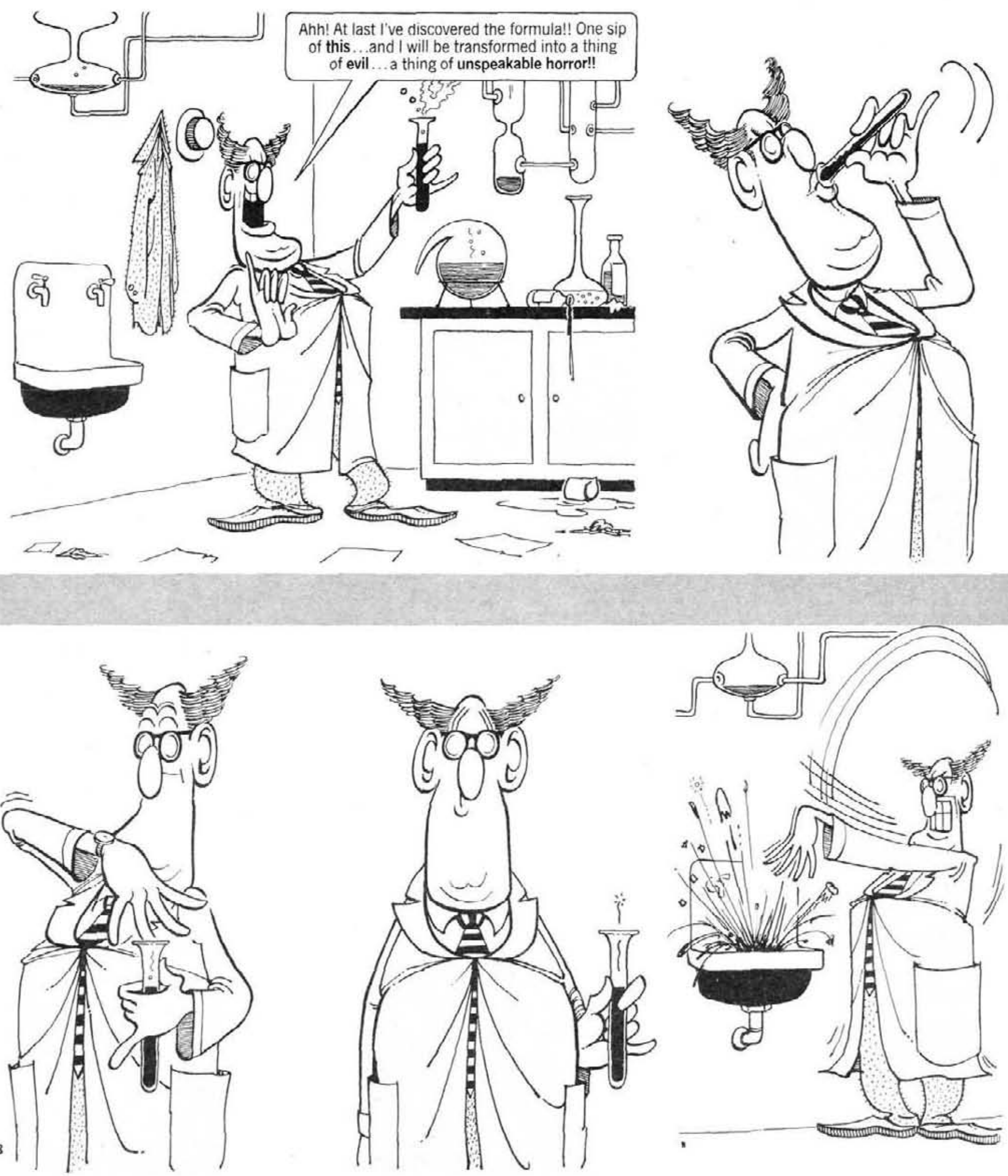
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Yo-ho-hoing, red-faced, full of mirth, cheer, joy, fun, glee
Is Arctic-living Santa Claus, no *Newsweek* reader he;
Surprising us at Christmas (rhymes with isthmus), never knocking,
And leaving goodies (TIME, May 10) for boys and girls
(see STOCKING)!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

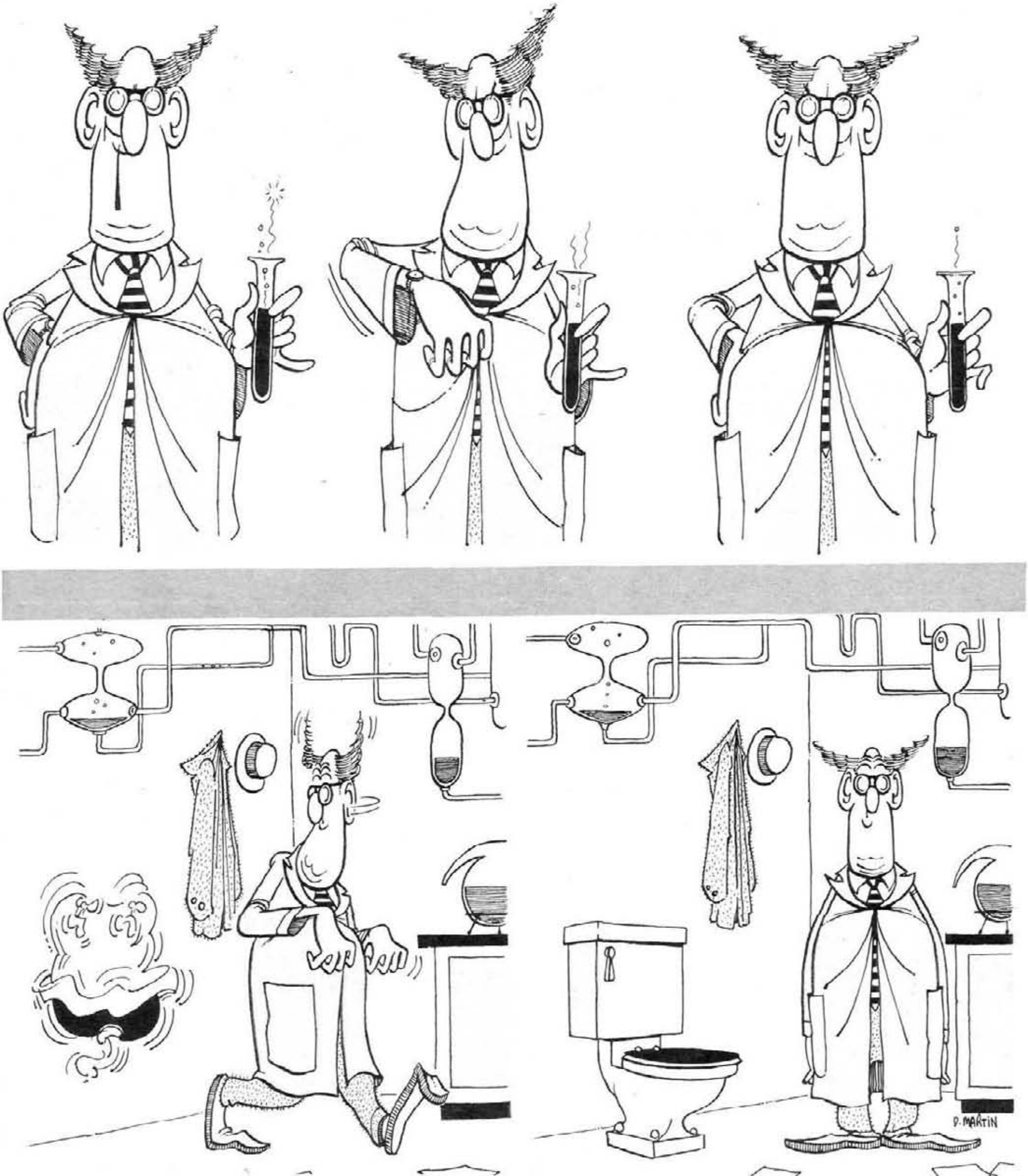
When Don Martin is mixing the drinks, you can rest assured that the results will be "Bottoms Up!" . . . especially when he tries to duplicate the experiments of his idols:

DR. JEKYLL





AND MR. HYDE



LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUCTION DEPT.

Recently, we read that the M-G-M studios, in order to recoup some of the huge expenses incurred by Marlon Brando while making "Mutiny on the Bounty", has offered to sell the "Bounty"—which was constructed especially for the movie.

HOLLYWOOD S

BARTENDERS! GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF WITH THIS

Authentic Western Saloon!



INCLUDING THESE EXCITING FEATURES:

- ***A Handsome 40-Foot Bar Mirror*** that shatters into a million pieces the minute somebody starts a fight



- ***A 350-lb Wrought-Iron Chandelier*** that crashes to the floor at the sound of gunfire—or even backfire



- ***A Rinky-Tink Player Piano*** that stops playing the minute anyone over 5′-7″ opens the swinging doors



- ***A Complete Set of Beer Glasses*** that slide the length of the bar



- ***A Complete Set of Beer Drinkers*** that slide the length of the bar



REAR OF SALOON CONTAINS MANY ALCOVES AND CORNERS SUITABLE FOR CUSTOMERS TO BACK UP SLOWLY INTO!

COMES WITH MANY EXTRAS—THREE, TO BE EXACT: **Sol, Irving and Tex! They haven't worked since "The Alamo"!**

If you're handy with tools, this surplus Western Saloon can be turned into a profitable business with just a little work. For example: You can't lean against the balcony or it will collapse, and you'll fall through it onto a large round table which will also collapse, and you'll fall through that too!

COMPLETE FOR ONLY **$20,000.00**

WRITE: DEPT. BUSHWHACKED HORSE-OPERA PICTURES, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

PET LOVERS!

2,152 SPECIALLY-TRAINED CATS



These cats were specially-trained to knock over garbage can lids, ash trays, etc.,—then freeze in the searchlight beam—at the sound of approaching low voices speaking in German or Japanese.

ONLY **$10 EACH**

CLOSE CALL WAR PROPS, INC., Hollywood, Calif.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE!

2000 PALM TREES

Simulate Florida or California *in your backyard all-year-round!* BUY SEVERAL PALM TREES TODAY!

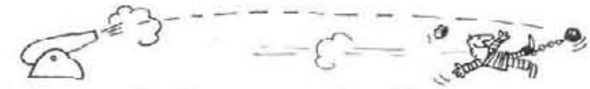
Only one drawback! You'll have to come out here and get them yourself, as each one has a Jap sniper in it! We just can't convince 'em that the picture is over!!



BARGAIN PRICE! $15.00 EACH 2 FOR $25.00

BANZAI FEATURES, INC.

Hollywood, California



Maybe they should've offered to sell Marlon Brando instead. Anyway, the idea of selling old movie props to offset modern production costs could catch on — and then we'd be seeing ads like these in our newspapers, announcing another

URPLUS SALE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: EARLE DOUD

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS! DRIVE THIS...

AMAZING HORSELESS STAGECOACH



THE ORIGINAL "RUNAWAY STAGE" OF OVER 150 WESTERNS

Careens crazily down roads and trails at breakneck speed, yet always manages to miss those rocks and trees in its path. Drive one around your home town.

Cutaway drawing at right shows location of engine, brakes and steering wheel inside. Pretty neat, hah?

Coach needs work, though. The left rear wheel keeps falling off at high speed.



YOURS FOR ONLY $595

SHOOT'EM'UP FILMS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

ART LOVERS!

PUT A PORTRAIT OVER YOUR MANTEL!



Choose from this assortment of over 200 portraits used in famous horror movies!

Unfortunately, each one has the eyes cut out of it!

ONLY $50.00 EACH

HAUNTED HOUSE PRODUCTIONS, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

NOW YOU CAN OWN ONE OR MORE OF THESE UNIQUE MOVIE GUNS!

HERO'S GUN

Shoots only hands. Even when pointed at head, neck or stomach and fired —will still hit only the hand.



VILLAIN'S GUN

Cannot kill anybody! Just point it at person two feet away— it will miss!



DETECTIVE'S GUN

Absolutely harmless. *Only shoots locks and knobs off doors.*



INDIAN WAR HERO RIFLE

Absolutely fabulous. *Each bullet kills five Indians at same time.*



EARLY PIONEER WOMAN'S RIFLE

When pointed up in the air and fired with eyes closed, will kill Indian on fast horse 500 yds. away



GUNS OF NAVARONE

Only two available! Perfect for person who now owns two 400-ft. holsters!



CLICK GUN

Made of rubber. Will not fire. Just clicks 3 times — then is used to throw at hero. Will not injure.



KICK GUN

Will not fire. Flat on one side. Perfect for kicking back and forth across floor during fights!





EXTRA BONUS! With each order, we'll send absolutely free a genuine Police Dept. Gun. Not a Hollywood fabrication, but an actual gun like the one used by most city Police Departments. Only shoots innocent bystanders.

Murderous Props, Inc. Hollywood, California

YACHTING ENTHUSIASTS!

OWN YOUR OWN

HOLLYWOOD SUBMARINE



We have a limited number of submarines that do nothing but sit on the ocean bottom. Each has 4 torpedo tubes through which you can fire garbage, old clothes and pieces of wood. These subs are also capable of releasing oil.

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS WHO OWN SUB-CHASERS!

NAVY PRODUCTIONS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

$14,000 EACH

ATTENTION—HORTICULTURISTS!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN ONE OF THESE AMAZING

INSTANT SEASON PLANTS

SPRING ***SUMMER*** ***FALL*** ***WINTER***



You've seen them in the movies. Now you can have one for your very own. Changes seasons instantly. Wilts and blooms . . . wilts and blooms . . . 200 times a day.

WE ALSO HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF FORESTS AND LAWNS THAT DO IT TOO.

$8 95 PER PLANT

OUTSIDE-THE-WINDOW PROPS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

BOYFRIEND OVERSEAS?
LOVER FAR, FAR AWAY?

SEE HIM AND TALK TO HIM AGAIN WITH A

HOLLYWOOD LILY POND



$39 95
PER POOL

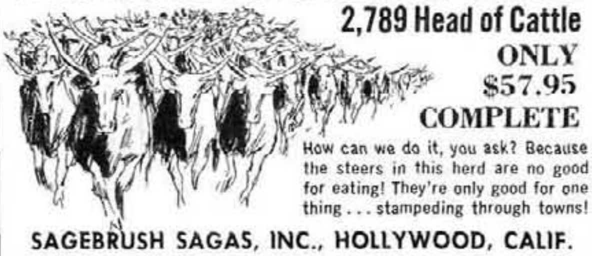
Send for a genuine Hollywood Lily Pond today! When it arrives, put it out in your backyard! Then, kneel down beside it and brush lily pads away. Notice your reflection. Now notice that your loved-one's reflection has appeared over your right shoulder. Talk to him . . . but only about things in the past. Now, drop a stone in the water, and watch ripples make him disappear.

IMAGES FROM THE PAST PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Also available: Hollywood Mirrors

FOR SALE—CHEAP!

ENTIRE STEER HERD



2,789 Head of Cattle

ONLY
$57.95
COMPLETE

How can we do it, you ask? Because the steers in this herd are no good for eating! They're only good for one thing . . . stampeding through towns!

SAGEBRUSH SAGAS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MAGIC ASH TRAYS

$10 00



Now you can have one of those very same ash trays you've seen in the movies — in Board of Directors' meetings—hospital waiting rooms—card games—etc.

PLACE EMPTY ASH TRAY ON TABLE . . . TURN AWAY FOR 5 SECONDS . . . THEN TURN BACK! PRESTO! ASH TRAY NOW CONTAINS 400 CIGARETTE BUTTS!

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS — CUT DOWN ON SMOKING!

Hours Later Props, Inc., Hollywood, California

OPERATING TABLES

During electrical storms, these tables rise slowly to the ceiling. Perfect for hospitals with leaky roofs.

FREE EXTRA SPECIAL BONUS
. . . with each order. Complete apparatus for monster-making. Construct your own Ben Casey!

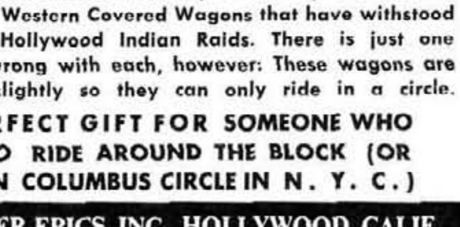


$189 00
(Without extra free bonus—$289.00)

FRANKENSTEIN FILMS, INC.
TRANSYLVANIA, CALIFORNIA

OWN YOUR OWN COVERED WAGON

$99 00



Now . . . for the first time . . . you can buy one of these 47 Authentic Western Covered Wagons that have withstood over 3,000 Hollywood Indian Raids. There is just one little thing wrong with each, however: These wagons are all curved slightly so they can only ride in a circle.

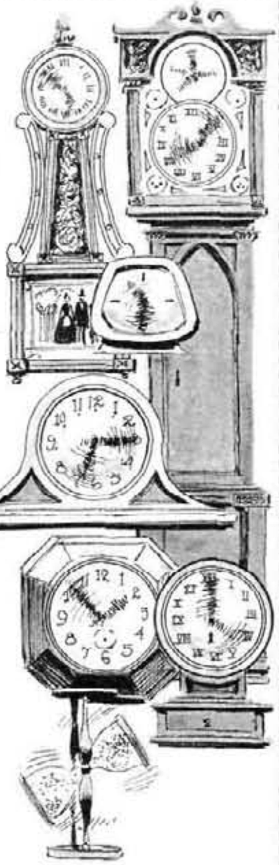
THE PERFECT GIFT FOR SOMEONE WHO PLANS TO RIDE AROUND THE BLOCK (OR LIVES ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE IN N. Y. C.)

OATBURNER EPICS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

TREMENDOUS ASSORTMENT

ALL MAKES AND MODELS—FROM "GRANDFATHER" TO "ALARM"



ONLY
$5.95
EACH

Handsome — Decorative! Used in hundreds of movies to denote the passage of time. Only one drawback. They're not terribly accurate. In fact, the hands spin around at a fantastic speed, registering 24 hours in 10 seconds.

DAYS LATER PROPS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

EXCITING WALL CALENDARS

Available in every year from 1620 to the present



ONLY
$1.00
EACH

Handsome! Decorative! Used in hundreds of movies to denote the passage of time. Only one drawback. When you hang them on your wall, the dates fall off in rapid succession—one at a time!

YEARS LATER PROPS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

FOR SALE—CHEAP! SLEAZY HOTEL

78 ROOMS...

EACH **WITH AN IRRITATING FLASHING NEON SIGN OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!**



$9,000.00

Hideout Locations, Incorporated, Hollywood, California

BOOK LOVERS

COMPLETE YOUR LIBRARIES WITH COPIES OF THESE



VALUABLE BEST-SELLERS

WITH AN EXTRA SPECIAL BUILT-IN FEATURE:

THEY TURN *THEIR* OWN PAGES!



All you have to do is sit there and read 'em! But read fast—the pages turn pretty quick!

Authentic Adaptation Props. Inc., Hollywood, California

Horseback Riding Enthusiasts

Love to ride—but have a small yard? Order one of these beautiful palomino

Indian Battle Horses

Now, you can ride around your small *property to your* heart's content — because these specially-bred horses fall down every 5 or 6 feet.



Only 100.00 Each!

KANYON-KWICKIE STUDIOS, Hollywood, California

OWN YOUR OWN AIRPLANE!



Only $19,000.00!

We have several models available: Bombers, Transports, Private Jobs. The only trouble is, these planes only fly in storms! And they can't fly forward, only up and down!

HIGH-AND-MIGHTY-BAD EPICS, Culver City, Calif.

FREEDOM WITH SPEECH DEPT.

Here we go with another of this MAD series of articles where we take standard news photos, add a few lines of absurd dialogue . . . and gamble on incurring the wrath of some pretty important people who might look pretty foolish . . .

SPEAKING

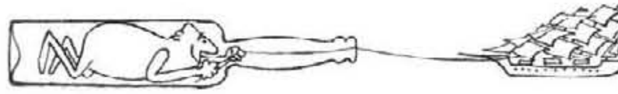




WRITER: GERALD GARDNER
PHOTOS BY: U.P.I.







FROM PICTURES











FOWL PLAY DEPT.

"Why Did The Chicken Cross The Road?" is a riddle that has been plaguing mankind for thousands of years – or however long it's been since chickens started crossing roads. Today's comic strip cartoonists, with their individual approaches, might help us find a new solution to this problem – or confuse it even more. Anyway, here is MAD's idea of what might appear in your daily papers

IF FIVE COMIC STRIP CARTOONISTS INTERPRETED THE AGE-OLD RIDDLE: "WHY DID THE CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD?"

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD
WRITER: GARY BELKIN

PEANUTS



MARK TRAIL

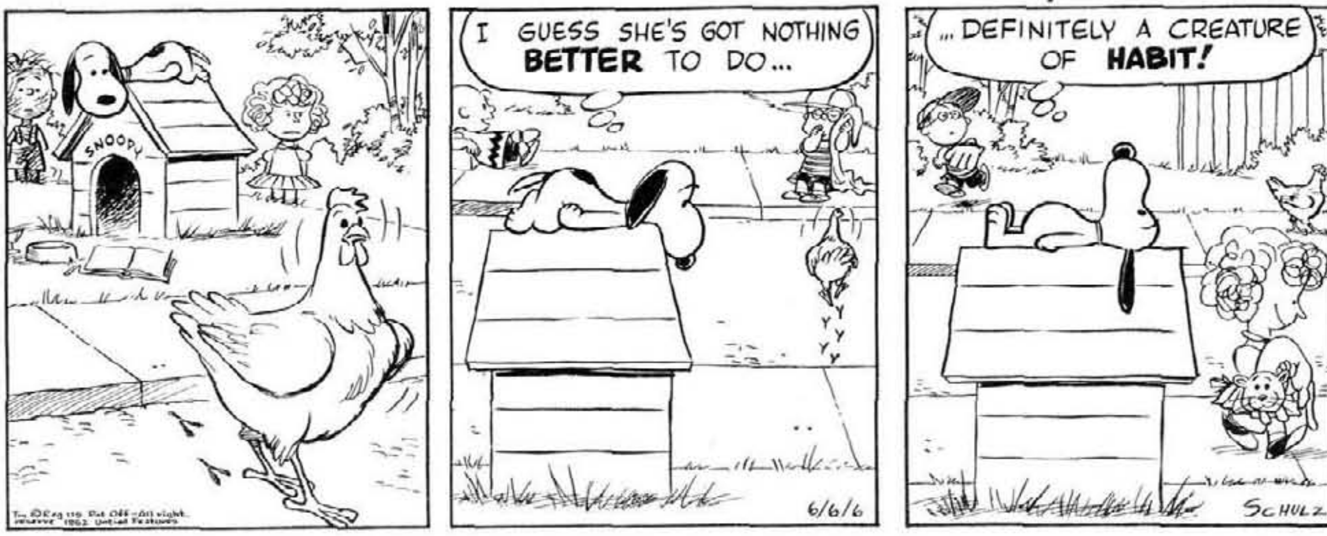


B.C.

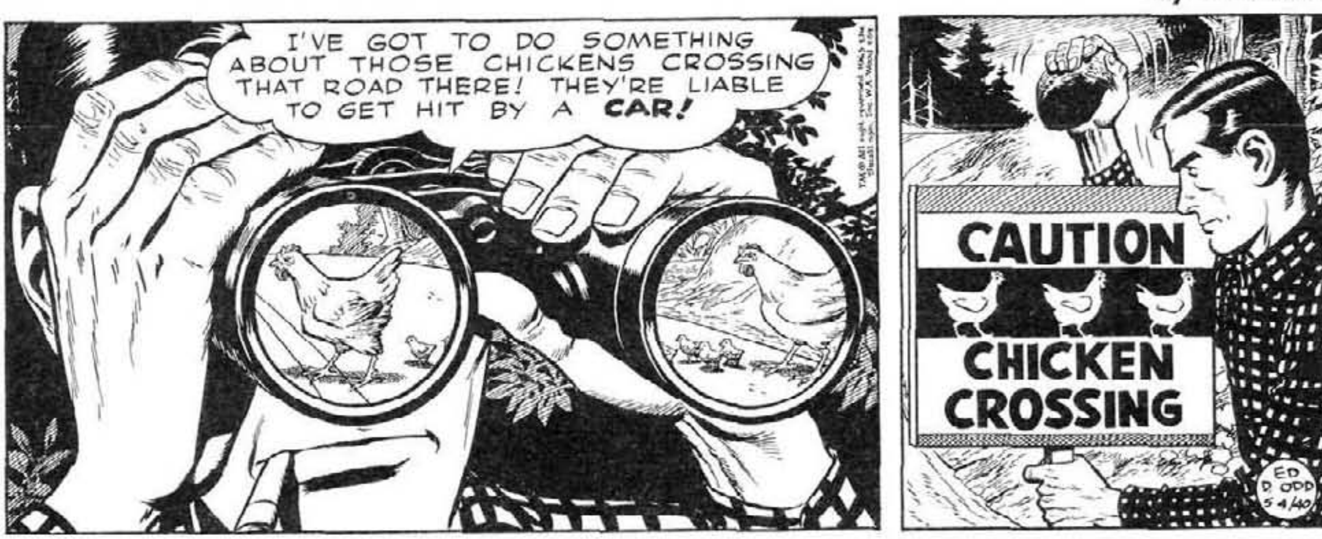




by Charles M. Schulz



by Ed Dodd

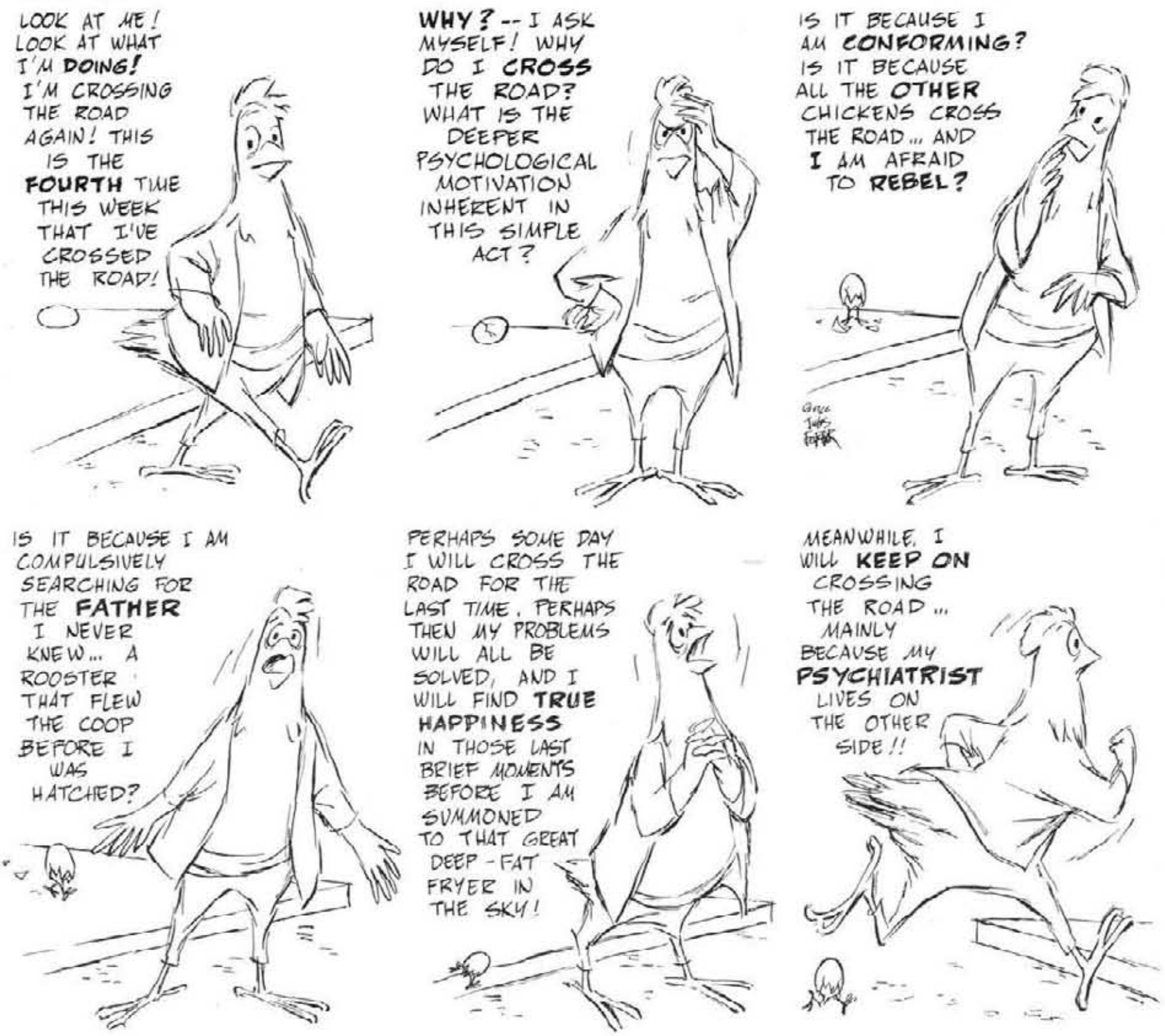


by Johnny Hart



FEIFFER

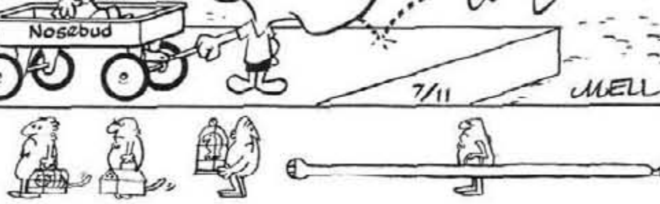
by Jules Feiffer



MISS PEACH

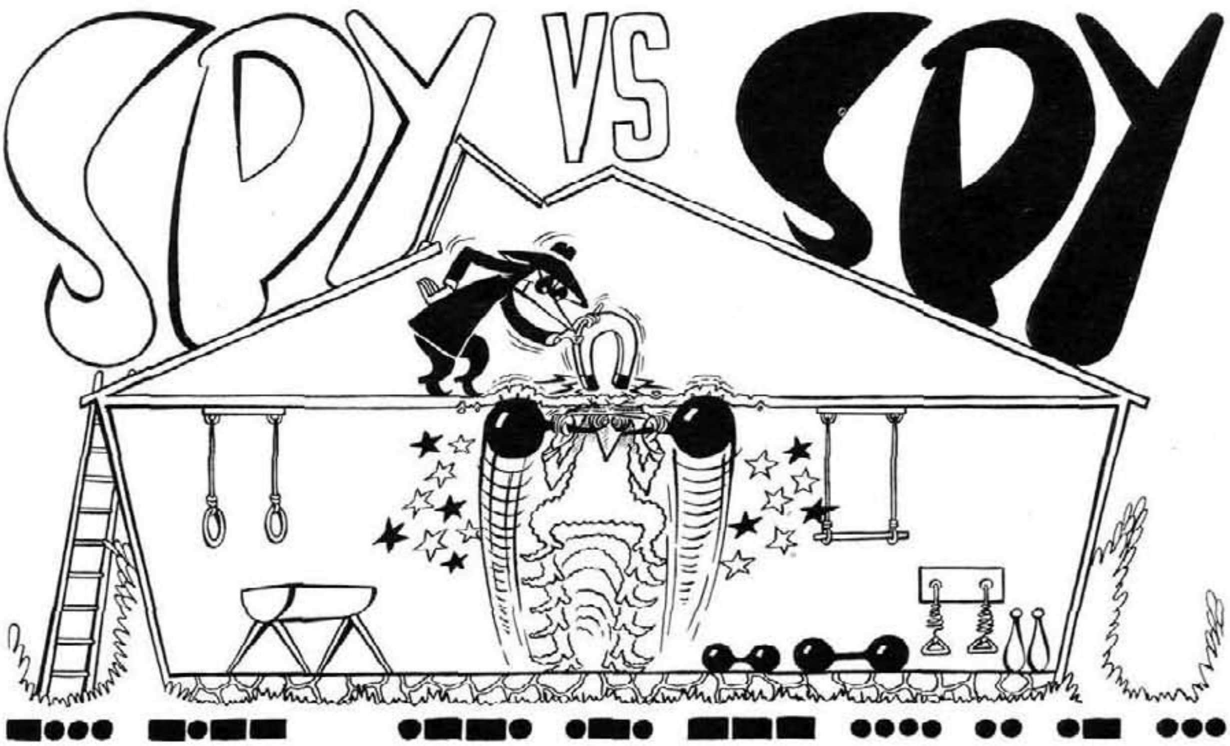
by Mel Lazarus





JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

Antonio Prohias, who was forced to flee Cuba because he refused to become a "Castro Convertible", brings us another MAD installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white—better known as . . .





POSTAL-MORTEMS DEPT.

Have you ever waited for a reply to a letter . . . and finally, with your patience exhausted, fired off a hasty follow-up letter . . . only to return home after mailing it to find the answer to your original letter? Of course not! Because you're reading MAD, which means you're illiterate in the first place! But if it ever did happen to you, you may get a kick out of this next article which is concerned with

Letters That Cross

You rent an apartment, but there's never enough heat or hot water, and the fuses are forever blowing. You write notes to your landlord asking that something be done, but there's never any satisfaction. So you start looking, and you finally find the apartment of your dreams. Now's your chance to really tell that landlord what you think of him! With your last rent check, you enclose a little note . . .



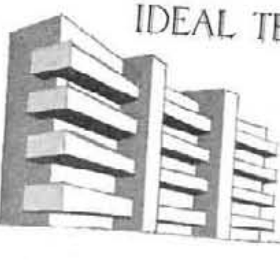
Dear Mr. Rhinehart,

Guess what, you old bloodsucker! I finally wised up, and I'm moving from this flea-bitten, cruddy, run-down flop house you laughingly call an apartment building. I managed to tolerate it long enough to find a place worthy of living in, and come the first of next month, I'll be leaving this dump — if it doesn't collapse before then! Thank God my lease is up. I couldn't have lasted here much longer. And never having to see your ugly face again makes moving out all the more pleasant!

a former cell-mate,
E. Lawrence



You take the letter to the Post Office — (You can't wait for a regular pick-up at the corner mail box!) — and off it goes. But when you return home, there's a letter under your door. It's from the landlord of your *new* apartment!



IDEAL TERRACE APARTMENTS
"Overlooking The Park"
A. Glink, Manager



Dear Mr. Lawrence:-

It was most pleasant talking with you yesterday. Unfortunately, since I spoke with you, a little problem has arisen.

Both I and my wife accidentally rented the same apartment to two different people. And since it is the only apartment available, we must now decide which party to give it to.

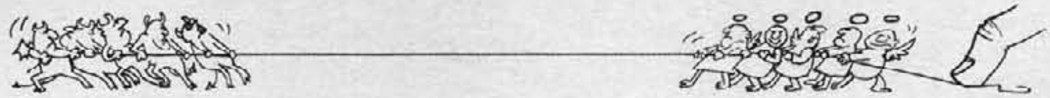
In order to make a fair decision, we have written to your present landlord to ask him his opinion of you as a tenant.

The apartment is nearly yours. All we have to do now is to hear from your landlord.

Sincerely,

Arnold Glink

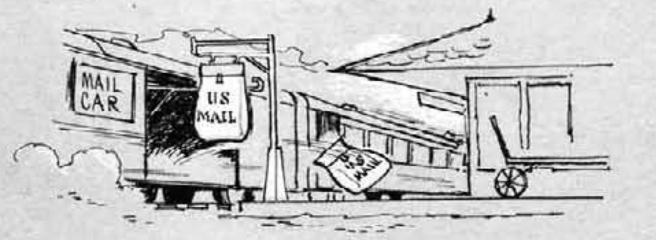
Arnold Glink



In The Mail

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

You're reading the newspaper, and you see a stock offer: "Missile Electronics Corp., $1.00 a share, Dividends to be guaranteed after one year . . ." You always wanted to play the big business tycoon, so you buy 100 shares. You wait the year—no dividends—nothing. You wait one month longer—still nothing. So you fire off this hot missive:

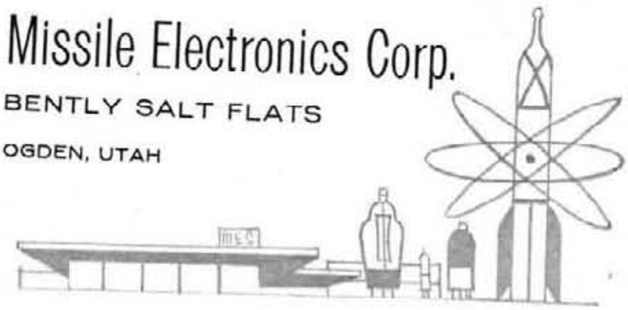


Missile Electronics, Corp.
Bently Salt Flats
Ogden, Utah

To whom it may concern:
You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool me! I now realize that your so-called stock is a phony, and I want my $100. back. I better get it, too, or I'll report you to the SEC and the Better Business Bureau. The worthless stock certificates, which I have signed over, are enclosed. I never want to see them again. Maybe you can sell them to some new sucker!

Signed,
Nobody's Fool

That night, when you get home from work, this is waiting:



Missile Electronics Corp.

BENTLY SALT FLATS

OGDEN, UTAH

Dear Stockholder:

Your patience has been rewarded.

You've undoubtedly been reading about the merger in the newspapers, but this notice makes it official.

MISSILE ELECTRONICS will merge with E.I. DU PONT & CO., INC., effective in 15 days.

MISSILE ELECTRONICS stockholders will receive one share of DU PONT stock for each share of MISSILE ELECTRONIC stock they now own.

In other words, those $1.00 Stock Certificates you now hold will be worth about $185.00 each!

Congratulations on a shrewd investment, and don't let those Stock Certificates out of your sight!

Sincerely,

Irving I. Missile

Irving I. Missile
President



You apply for a job, and the Personnel Director tells you he'll notify you of the firm's decision by the end of the week. So you wait—and nothing. You wait two weeks—still nothing. You're so mad, you write the Personnel Director:

Dear Mr. Clayton,
Well, Chum—the week I was supposed to wait is up, and so is the following week, and you didn't have the common decency to write me—even if it was to tell me I wasn't the right man for the job.
That's why I'm writing to <u>you</u> to thank you for <u>NOT</u> hiring me!!! Any company that has such little consideration for the feelings of others must be a rotten outfit to do business with. I probably would have been miserable working for such a two-bit firm anyway, so I consider myself lucky. As for my asking $150. a week salary—I just pulled that ridiculous figure out of my hat!
Give my deepest sympathy to whoever gets stuck with the job!

Still happy—
Arthur Mushbarker

You mail the letter, happy that you've given vent to your pent-up anger. But when you return home after another day of unsuccessful job-hunting, this letter is in your box:

From The Desk Of J. L. CLAYTON
PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
AMERICAN BUNGHOLE MFG. CO.

Dear Mr. Mushbarker:-

Sorry this letter with our decision is so late getting to you, but you accidentally listed your address as 3119 instead of 3191, and it wasn't until the letter was returned and we checked the phone book that we found your correct address.

Now to business...

We feel that you are the man for our firm. I like your honesty. And I was particularly impressed with your desire to start with a small company. As far as salary goes, we will meet your $150 figure.

Our answer is "Yes", Mr. Mushbarker. What is yours?

Sincerely,
J L Clayton
J. L. Clayton

You've entered a contest. The contest closed Nov. 1st and you were supposed to be notified of the winners. It's now January and you've heard nothing so you write the company:

Gentlemen:
I entered your ha-ha-ha contest. It was supposed to be judged after it closed on Nov. 1st. but I never heard anything more about it—and I never even saw a list of the winners. Well, I'd like to say that it's just as well, because I can't stand your cereal anyway. It tastes like wet shredded newspapers—and I assume that any company which makes a product <u>that</u> <u>bad</u> must advertise phony contests, too!

Disgusted,
Milton Finster

You mail the letter on your way to work, but when you get to your office, your wife telephones. There's an Air Mail letter from the Snappies Cereal Company! She reads it . . .

"SNAPPIES" CEREAL COMPANY
The Best To You Each Evening!
BOTTLE CREEK, VERMONT

Dear Mr. Finster:-

You've undoubtedly been anxious about the results of our contest. Although it was to have closed on Nov. 1st, a printer's error marked a good many "SNAPPIES" boxes: "Contest Closes Jan. 1st." So to keep our contest completely honest, we had to wait the additional time to make our decision. And that brings us to the happy news: Mr. Finster--YOU ARE TIED FOR FIRST PLACE in our contest!

And so, as per our rules, "a 25-word essay on 'I like "SNAPPIES" because...' will be used as a tie-breaker." As you can see, the $25,000.00 First Prize is quite close to being yours. May we have your opinion of our cereal so that we can make our final decision.

We'll be watching for a letter from you!

Sincerely,
Herman L. Snap
President.

DRIBBLE ACROSS THE COURT DEPT.

For many years, the "Lawyer Field" on television was dominated by the famous Perry "I-Never-Lose-A-Case" Mason. Then, last season, a new "Legal Eagle" came upon the scene, dragging his son along with him. This novel "TV Lawyer Team" threatened to unseat King Mason with a fantastic new approach . . . mainly that some of their clients were obviously guilty, and they actually lost a case once in a while. Here, then, is MAD's version of what looks like a new trend on TV: "Adult Lawyer Shows" — this one, a sort of legal "Father Knows Best" called . . .

THE DEFENSERS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





One black coffee, and one glass of milk—
I OBJECT! Why can't I have coffee, Dad?
Objection overruled! Son, you're still a growing boy! You have your whole life ahead of you! There's plenty of time for coffee—
And girls?
Shut your dirty mouth!
Ouch! I'm sorry, Dad! It's just that I'm supposed to be your partner, and you never let me try a case!
SLAP!
Kenny, Boy! Come here to Daddy! It's time I taught you a few facts!
You gonna tell me about the broads?
Again with the dirty mouth . . . !
IF YOU FALL—LIE DOWN: NO CASE IS TOO SMALL!
WIND ME UP AND CHASE ME!
Kenny, boy—someday this whole practice will be yours! I want you to follow in my footsteps and become a great attorney! Remember, you're all I have . . .
Yes, Daddy . . .
Though there may be gray skies, I don't mind the gray skies— I'll still have you—
What's my name . . . ?
Ken-ny, boy!
AN IDEAL LAWYER WITH CONNECTIONS
Here's your coffee, Mr. Pressedham—and your milk, Kenny!
Ta-ta!
What's on the docket for this afternoon, Dad?
Well, first we'll file suit against the courthouse for personal injury due to negligence . . . and then I've got that case I'm defending as a personal favor to Judge Littagate—
WE CAN WIN IF YOU LIE!
Which case is that, Dad?
You know—that case where they caught an official accepting bribes! I hope I can get the Judge off!
CRASH
Women drivers!! Young lady, in the future, drive with a little more care!
I'm awfully sorry!
Being sorry isn't enough when the law has been violated!


What's going on here?
It's nothing, Officer! No harm has been done!
How can you say that, Dad! A law has been broken!
Your honor, Mr. Officer—and ladies and gentlemen of the crowd! A law has been broken, and my Daddy always taught me that the law is sacred! So—gee whiz, I think that the guilty party should be tried as prescribed by the statues of this sovereign State, and . . .
Kenny! Will you shut up!
That kid is right! A person ain't safe on the streets no more! ARREST THAT MAN!!
Dirty Commie!
U.S. MAIL
Lock him up!
Throw the book at him!
Ice Cream! Get your Tutti-Fruiti Ice Cream!
ME?? But— her car— I mean, she hit me!
Let's go Bub! I'm taking you downtown!
But you can't do this to me! I'm a personal friend of Judge Littagate!
So! Tryin' to influence the law, eh?
10¢
Kenny! Get me a lawyer!
I'm a lawyer, Dad!
Kenny, this is no time for your foolish games! I need a lawyer!
Don't worry, Dad! I'll handle your case personally!
That's what I'm afraid of!
Next case: The People vs. Lawrence Pressedham. Larry, you old barrister, you—you're charged with reckless driving, resisting arrest, attempting to bribe an officer, and inciting a riot. How do you plead, old friend?
Irving, there's been a serious mistake—
I'll handle this, Dad, We plead Not Guilty!
Your honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the State will prove conclusively and beyond a shadow of a doubt—
I object, your Honor! The District Attorney is trying to turn this courtroom into a circus!
Order! One more outburst like that, Counsellor, and I'll hold you in contempt!



Gee, Dad! Perry Mason always used to say that!
Does the Defense wish to make an opening statement?
Right now, I wish I had Perry Mason as my lawyer!
Yes, your Highness— I mean— your Honor!
Kenny, what are you doing? This is a court of law!
Don't worry, Dad! This is the old Clarence Darrow bit! Juries always go for the folksy American touch . . . !
Hi, there, folks of the jury. I guess my learned opponent will use lots of high-sounding legal terms like "habeas corpuses"—but I'm sure that he won't fool plain, honest, simple folks like you with all that jazz. As Abe Lincoln once said, "You can fool some of the people some of the time but not all of the time most of the time"—or something like that. So I'm sure the DA won't fool you people, and you'll find my award winning Daddy "Not . . .
. . . Guilty!" Gee, Mac, I'm sorry!
Congratulations! We just lost the Jury! I'm going to plead "Guilty" before it's too late!
Don't worry, Dad! We may have lost a battle, but we haven't won the war! I've got a brilliant defense planned! Er, do you have a pin to hold up my trousers?
The State calls its first witness, Miss Lolita Knish!
Miss Knish, tell us in your own words what happened on the third day of December!
That dirty old man hit my car!
The jury will note that the dirty old man Miss Knish is pointing to is the Defendent!
Kenny! Object!
I can't Dad! The judge warned me!
I have one more question, Miss Knish! What is your telephone number?
I object! The question is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial!
Now he objects!
Objection overruled! The witness will answer the question!
My telephone number is— you should pardon the expression—Flushing 0-5599.
Your witness—



I have no questions to ask this witness!
Kenny! Ask her—
Take it easy, Dad!
Will Lawrence Pressedham take the stand!
Dad—I mean, Mr. *Pressedham*—how long have you been driving?
Thirty years!
And in those thirty years, how many accidents have you had?
Not a single one!
I remind you! You are **under oath!** Are you asking this jury to believe that in 30 years, you never had even **one accident?** I ask you again . . .
THIS JURY BIT IS O.K. BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR SPACE PROJECT?
Idiot! You're supposed to be **defending** me!
Order! *I'll* have to ask the witness to stop **badgering** the Counsel!
I'm sorry, your Honor—but he's a **hostile lawyer!**
BOY, YOU SURE CUT THAT ONE CLOSE!
I have no more *questions!*
Kenny! You didn't even ask me how the accident **happened,** or—
The witness *will* step down!
Don't worry, Dad! I've got an ace up my sleeve . . .
. . . and so, ladies and *gentlemen* of the jury, I ask that you bring in a verdict of **"Guilty!"**
The defense *may sum* up!
Ladies and gentlemen, my client is charged with reckless driving! However, since his driver's license **expired** three weeks prior to the alleged accident, I move that, as an unlicensed driver, he **cannot** be held **legally responsible** for any violations that occurred while he was operating a vehicle. In the name of Justice, I ask that you *find my Daddy* ***innocent!***
The jury has heard the evidence! You may retire and deliberate until you reach a verdict!
What's to deliberate? We find the defendent **"Guilty!"**
Before I pronounce sentence, does the defendent wish to make a statement?
Your Honor, I should be found "Not Guilty" by reason of **insanity!** Anybody that would let that **grinning imbecile** act as **his lawyer MUST** be stark, raving mad!
Sorry, Dad! Give my regards to Perry Mason when you see him! Now *if I* can only get a chance to defend that **Sam Benedict** I'll have the whole **TV Lawyer Show field to MYSELF!**

STANDARDS OF LIVING DEPT.

The latest fad among boat owners is the use of pictorial yacht flags describing the various activities going on aboard. Like f'rinstance:





Cocktail Party In Progress



Mother-In-Law Is Aboard

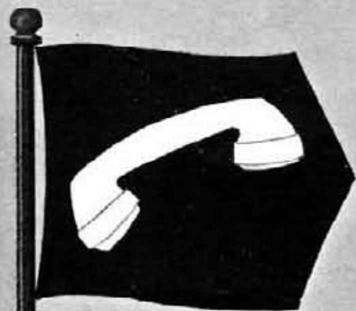


Wife Is Ashore

However, it seems to us that landlubbers could even make better use of these pennants. Here, then, is MAD's conception of pictorial —



Boy Teenager Lives Here



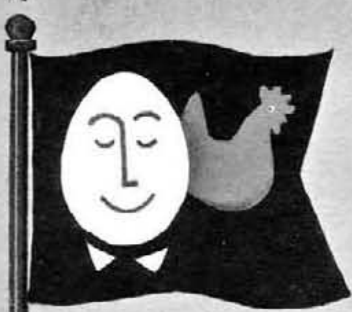
Girl Teenager Lives Here



Father Of Teenager Lives Here



College Basketball Player Lives Here



"A" Student Lives Here



"F" Student Lives Here



Teenager Who Is "Going Steady" Lives Here



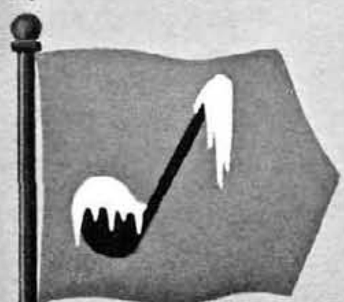
Teenager Who Would Like To "Go Steady" Lives Here



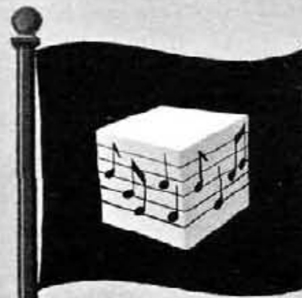
We're Having Dinner At Home



We're Eating Dinner Out



Listening To Cool Jazz



Listening To Lawrence Welk

YACHT FLAGS *for the* HOME

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE





Used Car Dealer Lives Here



Disc Jockey Lives Here



Golf Widow Lives Here





N. Y. Met Fan Lives Here



Do Not Disturb— We're Watching TV!



TV Set On The Blink (This flag is always flown at half-mast)



We Have A Fallout Shelter



Twist Party In Progress



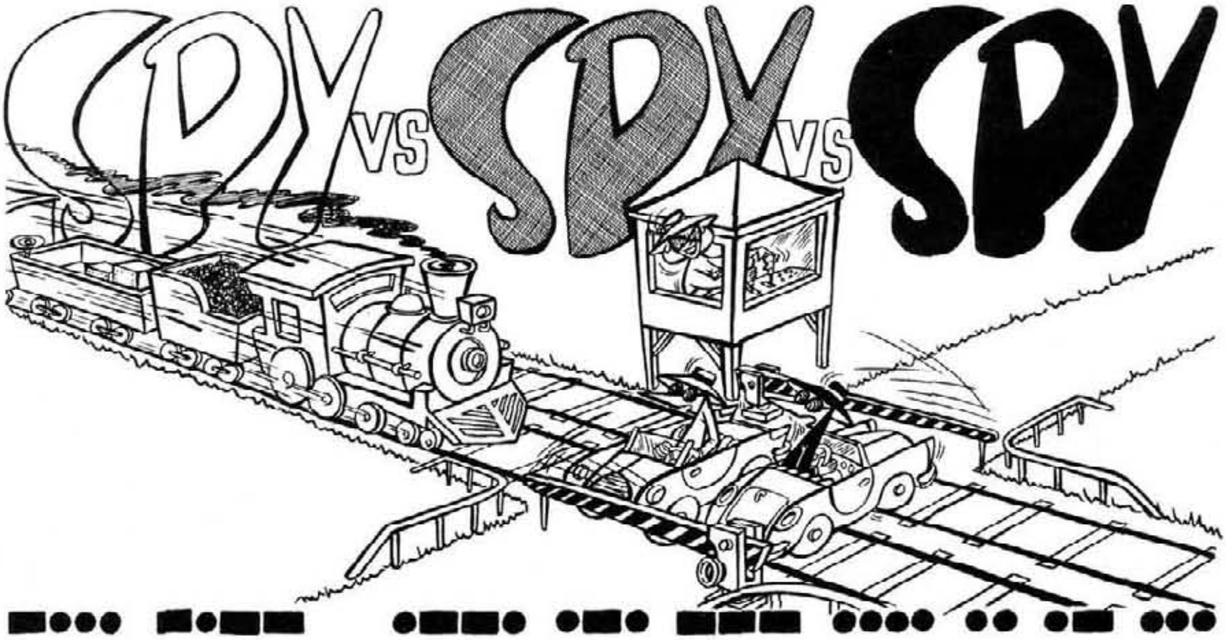
Family Fight In Progress

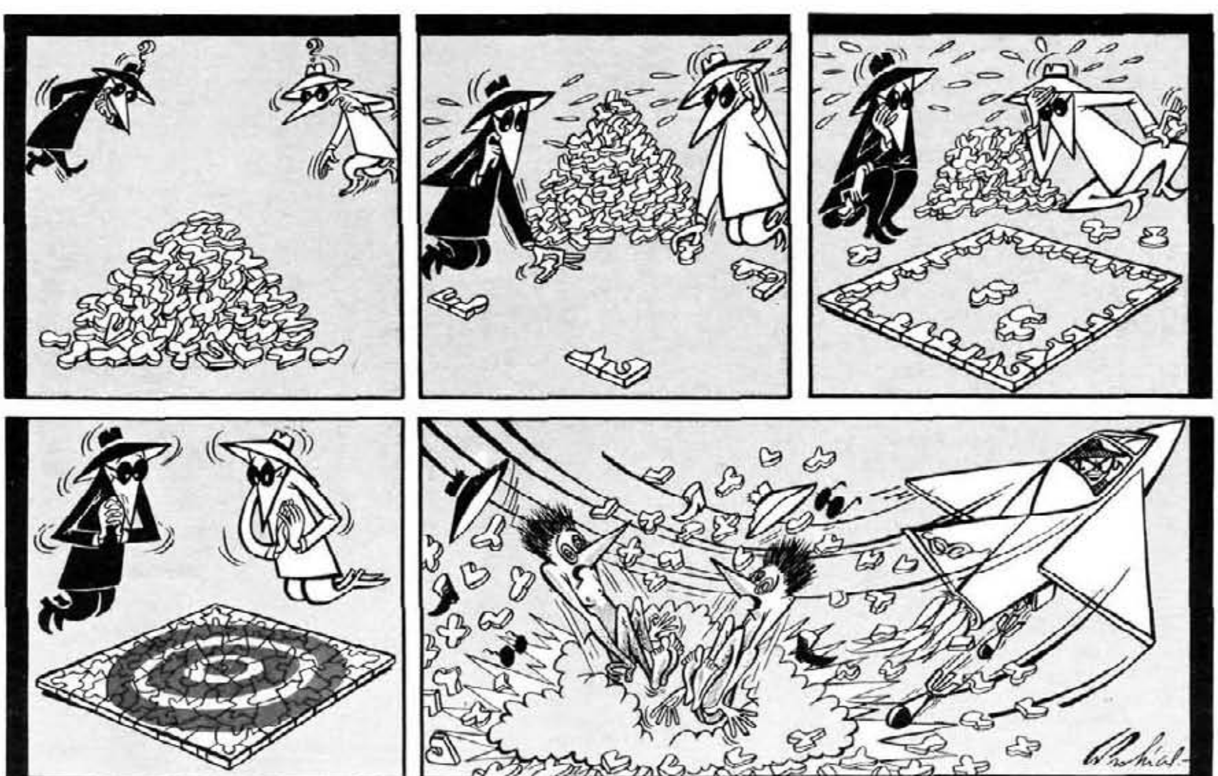
Clan Meeting In Progress



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

And now, Mr. Prohias offers another installment in his contention that truth is never all black nor all white—but merely shades of gray. He calls it . . .

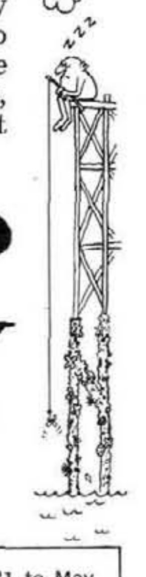






PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLANET DEPT.

Are you an astrology fan? If you are, then you believe that your life is affected by the stars and planets. A lot of people believe in astrology. They believe that the movement of heavenly bodies can supply them with important information . . . like when to get married, when to go to *the movies, when to eat lunch, and when to go to a psychiatrist for believing in such nonsense* in the first place. The writer of this article is an astrology fan. When he consulted his charts, he found that writing this article would be a complete waste of time. Which is why we now present



The MAD Guide To ASTROLOGY

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ASTROLOGERS DIVIDE THE YEAR INTO THE 12 SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC. PEOPLE BORN UNDER EACH SIGN HAVE UNIQUE PERSONALITY CHARACTERISTICS. LIKE F'RINSTANCE:

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19) is the sign of the "Water Bearer." People who are born under this sign constantly pour out their jar of "troubled" waters only to have the jar fill up again. Jimmy Hoffa is an "Aquarian," and he's been in and out of "hot water" for years.

PISCES (Feb. 20 to Mar. 20) is the sign of the "Fish." Pisces people are hard to catch, and won't stay hooked. Elizabeth Taylor is a "Pisces," and she wouldn't stay hooked—not even for a Fisher-man named Eddie.

ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 20) is the sign of the "Ram"—meaning people born under this sign try to butt their way into places they're not wanted. Thomas E. Dewey is an "Aries," and we all know what happened to that guy.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 to May 21) is the sign of the "Bull." Taurus people are firm, decisive, and resolute. In other words, they're just plain stubborn when it comes to getting what they want. Harry S. Truman, is a "Taurus." We bet Thomas E. Dewey wishes he was.

CAPRICORN *(Dec. 22 to* Jan. 20) is the sign of the "Goat." Capricorns are very industrious and hard-working people. In fact, they work so hard, *they often lose track of* the day. Senator Barry Goldwater is a "Capricorn," and he even lost track of the century.



GEMINI *(May 22* to June 21) is the sign of the "Twins" — which means that people born under this sign have a "Dual Nature." Dean Martin was born under the sign of "Gemini"—which helps to explain why the ol' boozer often ends up an evening "seeing double"!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 21) is the sign of the "Archer." Folks born under this sign like to exercise power, demand respect, and boss people around. In other words, they like to run things. Frank Sinatra is a "Sagittarius." We'll bet no-one else in The Clan is.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23) is the sign of the "Crab," and like a crab, people born under this sign always like to look behind them while moving sideways, preferring to dwell on past glories. Edd "Kookie" Byrnes is a "Cancer" — and all his glories are behind him.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22) is the sign of the "Scorpion." All Scorpios think they are getting somewhere, when actually they are just traveling around in circles. Her Highness, Princess Grace, is a "Scorpio," and she seems to be coming right back where she started.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 to Oct. 23) is the sign of the "Scales," which means that Libra people prefer lives that are steady, balanced, and unchanged. Ed Sullivan is a "Libra," and his TV show hasn't had a fresh idea in ten years.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23) is the sign of the "Virgin," meaning that people born under this sign are pure of heart and the epitome of innocence. They have a tendency to lead cloistered lives. Tuesday Weld is a "Virgo."

LEO (July 24 to Aug. 23) is the sign of the "Lion." Leo people feel they are important, and do a lot of loud roaring. Louella Parsons is a "Leo." But, unfortunately for her, so are 280 million other people in the world . . . which is a long way from an "exclusive" for her.

HOW ASTROLOGY WORKS IN EVERYDAY

HERE IS A TYPICAL DAILY ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOUND IN ANY NEWSPAPER:

YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE

For Monday, September 17th

ARIES (Mar. 21 — Apr. 20)

Favorable planetary aspects indicate that today will present an excellent opportunity for you to find a way of overcoming your financial worries.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

Do not bother with minor problems and trivial matters today. Instead, concentrate on major projects. Now is a good time to consider ways of impressing important people.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

Today is a poor day for business decisions of any kind. The stars favor a day of recreation and amusement. Relax and enjoy yourself.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Conditions are excellent for you today. Be sure to take advantage of any opportunity which may arise that can bring you monetary gain.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

The stars do not seem favorable for you today. Take it very slow, and be especially careful traveling.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Be firm today with everyone you have dealings with. Show your strong side through decisive counteraction, particularly against those who may attempt to put something over on you.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Forsake your usual forms of endeavor today, and spend your time following cultural activities. Devote yourself to the collection and appreciation of art or literature in any form.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Use any unexpected windfall to bring pleasure to somebody you are fond of today. Your stars radiate a day of opportunity for warmth and giving.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Today is not a good day for financial dealings of any kind. Beware of signing any papers or consummating any deals.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 20)

Do not let anger and frustration seethe within you today. Let your true feelings come through. Ease your restlessness and disappointment through calculated positive action.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Do not delay any venture which you may be called upon to undertake today. Use any shortcut available to attain your goal.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 20)

Your planets radiate the opportunity for love and romance today. Prospects are excellent for fulfilling your long-felt personal desires. Do not let any chance to attain them escape.

...AND HERE IS HOW

Quincy J. Aukwell, who is an "Aries," reads his daily forecast and decides that this is the right day to ask his Department Head for a salary raise. However, his Department Head refuses to listen to Quincy, mainly because —



Fungus' jockey is a "Leo," and he's following *his* daily forecast — which means he holds Fungus back and comes in last. This prevents Fungus' owner from winning the big purse he counted on. This is especially serious, for —



The restaurant owner is a "Sagittarius," and he is following *his* daily forecast. He has to close up because he will not sign a check to pay the butcher for the day's supply of meat. This turns out bad for him, because —



LIFE SITUATIONS



PEOPLE USE THEIR DAILY ASTROLOGY FORECAST IN EVERYDAY LIFE SITUATIONS...

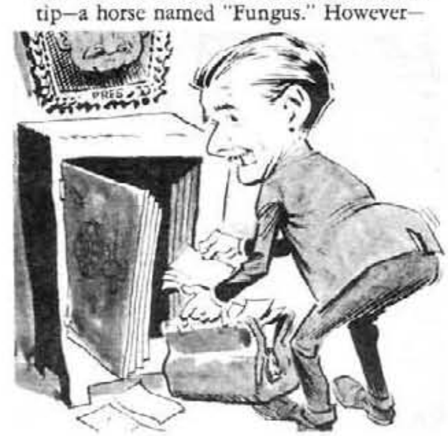
The Department Head is a "Taurus," and is following *his* daily forecast. He figures this is the day to draw up that reorganization plan and impress the firm's Senior Partner. However, he never gets in to see him because—



The Senior Partner is a "Gemini," and is following *his* daily forecast. This means that he has left word to refer all major business decisions to the firm's Junior Partner, locked up his office, and gone to play golf. But—



The firm's Junior Partner is a "Cancer," and he is following *his* daily forecast. Which means he has emptied the firm's safe and gone to the Racetrack where he bets $10,000 on a hot tip—a horse named "Fungus." However—



Fungus' owner, beside being a "Virgo," is also a terrible sore loser, and he decides to follow his forecast. In a few hours, he contacts a hoodlum and pays him $500 to beat up the jockey for riding such a lousy race. But—



The hoodlum is a "Libra," and always follows *his* daily forecast. Instead of beating up the jockey, he uses the $500 to buy himself an expensive set of encyclopedias from an encyclopedia salesman he happens to run into. And—



The encyclopedia salesman is a "Scorpio," so he follows *his* daily forecast. He takes the rest of the day off, and calls up his girl-friend, intending to take her out to a fancy restaurant. But they are in for a surprise, as—



The butcher is a "Capricorn," and he follows *his* daily forecast. Desiring *revenge, he sets fire to the restau-*rant. The Fire Department is called, but the firemen do a sloppy job of putting out the fire, mainly because—



The Fire Chief is an "Aquarius." He never showed up at the fire because *he was following his daily forecast.* By taking a dangerous shortcut, his car smashes into another car, driven by Quincy J. Aukwell's wife, Zelda—



Zelda Aukwell is a "Pisces," and she is following *her* daily forecast. So *she runs off with the Fire Chief,* and by doing so, removes Quincy Aukwell's financial worries for good — proving how Astrology works in everyday life.



SCIENTIFIC VALUE OF ASTROLOGY IS PROVEN BY FACT THAT PEOPLE BORN UNDER SAME SIGN SHARE SAME PHILOSOPHY, POINT OF VIEW, AND PERSONALITY TRAITS

ARIES



Tennessee Williams Born Mar. 26



Robert Frost Born Mar. 26

TAURUS



Joe Louis Born May 13



Liberace Born May 16

GEMINI



Guy Lombardo Born June 19



Benny Goodman Born May 30

CANCER



Van Cliburn Born July 12



Yul Brynner Born July 11

LEO



Jackie Kennedy Born July 28



Mae West Born Aug. 17

VIRGO



Henry Ford II Born Sept. 4



Walter Reuther Born Sept. 1

LIBRA



Eleanor Roosevelt Born Oct. 11



Dwight D. Eisenhower Born Oct. 14

SCORPIO



Chiang Kai-shek Born Oct. 31



Mao Tse-Tung Born Nov. 19



SAGITTARIUS



Dick Clark Born Nov. 30



Ludwig Van Beethoven Born Dec. 16

CAPRICORN



J. Edgar Hoover Born Jan. 1



Al Capone Born Jan. 17

AQUARIUS



Stonewall Jackson Born Jan. 21



Wm. Tecumseh Sherman Born Feb. 8

PISCES



Michelangelo Born Mar. 6

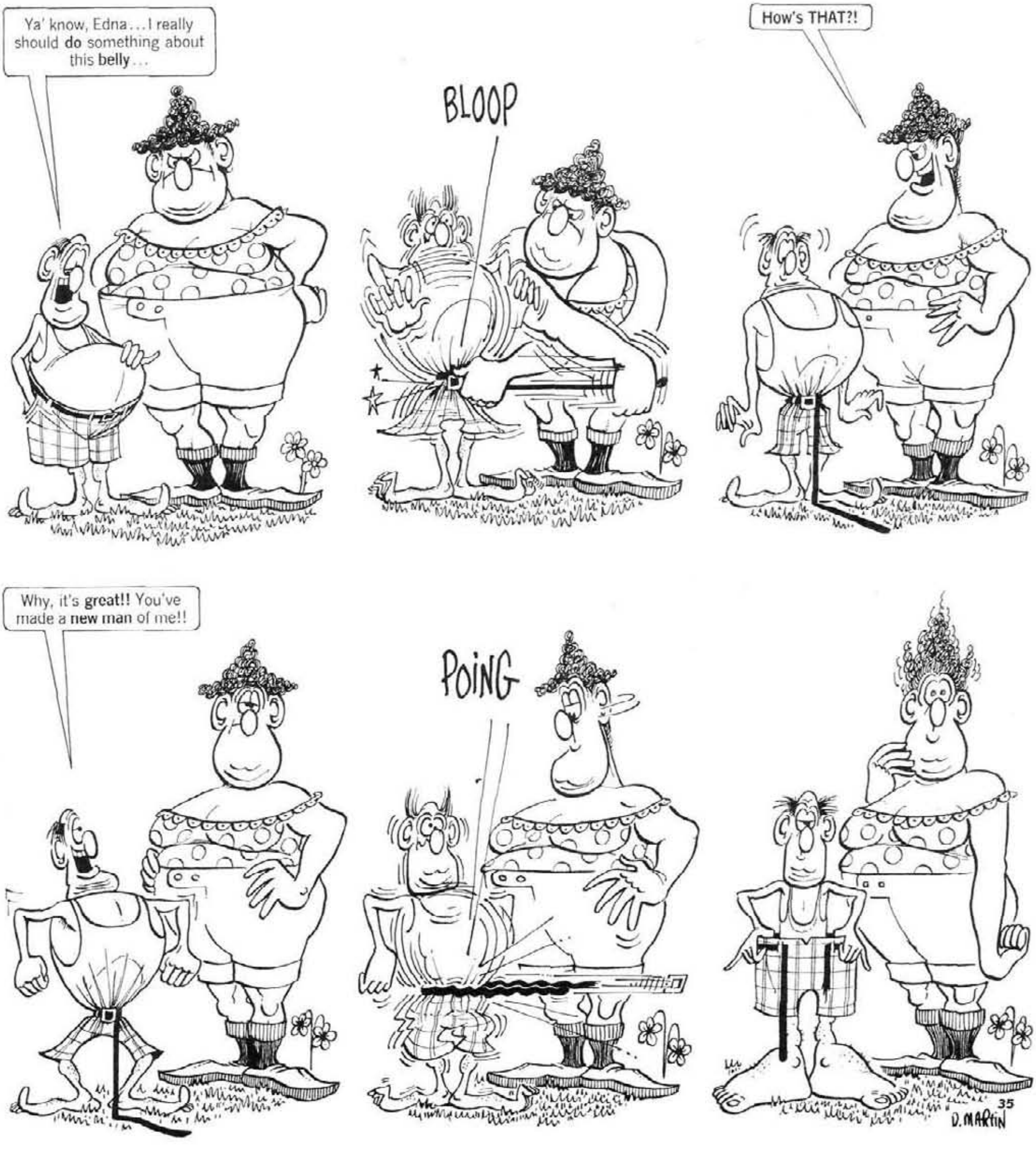


Milton Caniff Born Feb. 28

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

Despite the fact that Don Martin is a "strapping" specimen, there was one time when he really got "belted" around. He remembers that it happened to him . . .

ON A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON

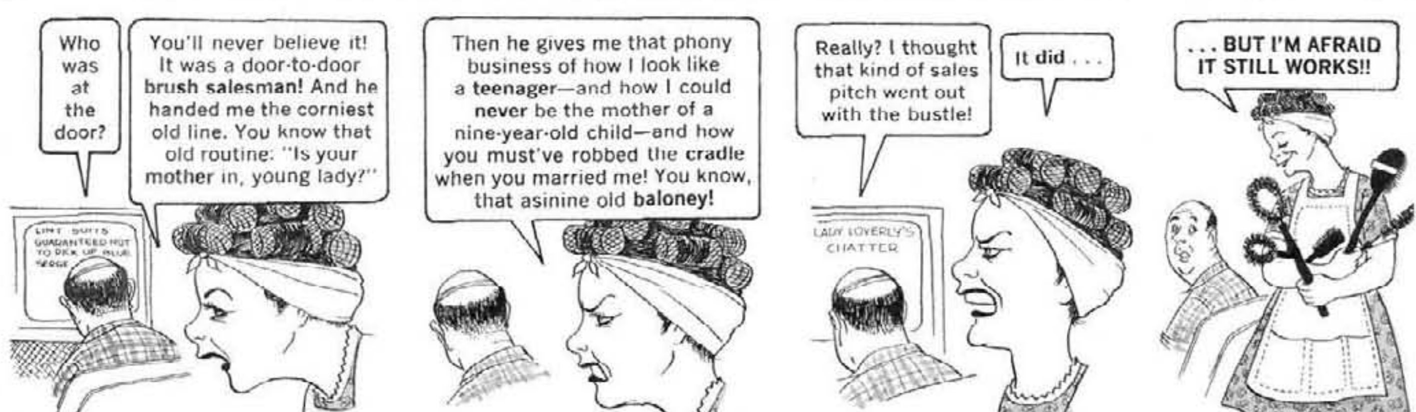


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

The author of the following article has agreed to take full responsibility for it . . . mainly because the rest of us are "chicken", and we'd like to stay on the good side of our wives, girl friends and other members of the opposite sex who might not see anything funny about . . .

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF





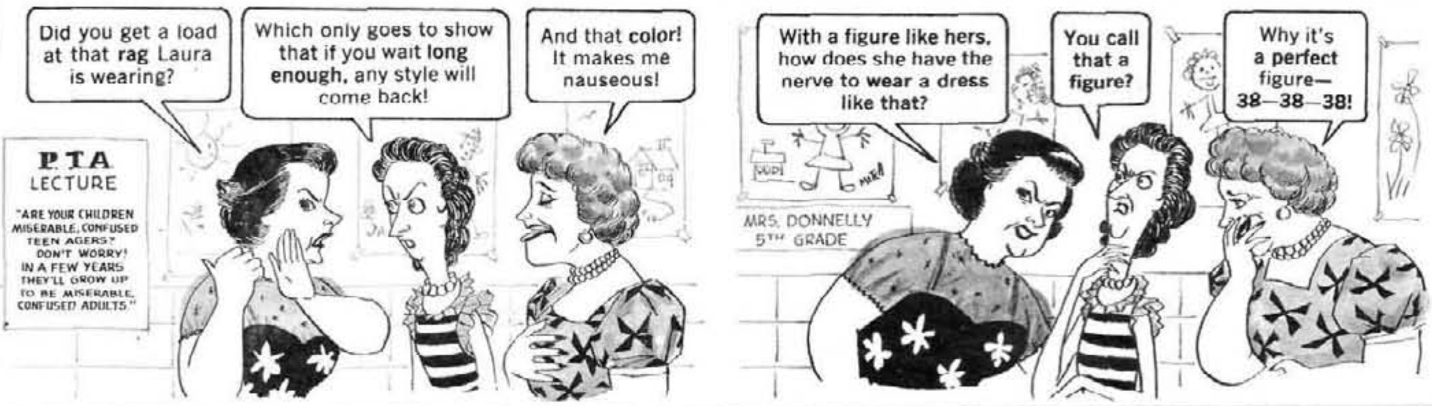


Women

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG




I have this terribly important prescription for you to fill! And while I'm waiting, I'll take a lipstick, and some face powder . . .
Also, some underarm deodorant, bubble bath, toilet water, perfume, nail polish, skin cleanser, shampoo, hair rinse . . .
. . . eye shadow, hand lotion, facial tissues, body powder, a nail file, an eyebrow pencil, hair curlers and a rouge.
Here's your prescription! That's $2.50 . . . and with the rest, altogether, that's $18.25!!
Oh, dear! I only have $16.00 with me! That's not enough! Er . . . in that case, forget the prescription!


P.T.A. LECTURE
"ARE YOUR CHILDREN MISERABLE, CONFUSED TEEN AGERS? DON'T WORRY! IN A FEW YEARS THEY'LL GROW UP TO BE MISERABLE, CONFUSED ADULTS."
Did you get a load at that rag Laura is wearing?
Which only goes to show that if you wait long enough, any style will come back!
And that color! It makes me nauseous!
MRS. DONNELLY 5TH GRADE
With a figure like hers, how does she have the nerve to wear a dress like that?
You call that a figure?
Why it's a perfect figure— 38—38—38!


Harry, you tell jokes so well! Tell them the one you told me this morning! You know—the one about Communism! Go on! Tell it!
Oh, yeah! Well—one Russian says to the other Russian, "Do you know the difference between Capitalism and Communism? . . ."
". . . Under Capitalism, Man exploits Man . . ."
Yeah! ". . . but under Communism—"
"—It's the other way around!"
Isn't Harry a scream!?
Yeah!!
he he
ha ha


Sorry, George! I'm too pooped to pucker! I'm exhausted! I worked like a dog all day!
Gee! That's too bad! I thought we'd go bowling this evening!
DID YOU SAY BOWLING . . . ?
That was a delightful matinee!
Yes, it was! And it's so wonderful to get out on the town once in a while!



You've been home for two hours and you still haven't noticed that I've changed the color of my hair—and that I'm wearing a new dress!
You never notice anything about me! I never get a compliment from you—or a kind word—or a pat on the back!!
Yet—I'm observant about YOU!!
F'rinstance, I've noticed that you're getting BALD—and you're developing a POT BELLY!!
I understand they're loaded with money—and yet she's too cheap to buy anything decent!
Frankly, I don't think she bought that dress! She took it off some old scarecrow!!
Pssst! Here she comes!
MRS. ALPERT
2nd GRADE
LAURA—DARLING! We were just talking about you!
You look lovely, Dear! What's your beauty secret?
And you must tell us . . . Where DID you get that gorgeous dress?
Don't kiss me! Don't even touch me! I'm a MESS!
Goodness, I really AM a mess! I'll never hold on to a husband that way! I'd better go to the beauty parlor and get a complete job!
Don't kiss me! Don't even touch me! I'm ALL MADE UP!!
But tomorrow . . . back to being household drudges again!
Ugh! Did you have to remind me?
Washing and ironing!
Cooking and serving and doing dishes!
Scrubbing floors and dusting and making beds!
You have to keep after 'em every minute!
I know what you mean!
Yes—I have trouble with my maid, too!

CORN POEM DEPT.

Following are some new versions of popular old poems. Well, so much for the introduction. Er — come to think of it, maybe we'd better pad the introduction. The MAD reader, being a creature of habit, expects long introductions. The MAD reader, also being a lazy slob, never reads the introductions. So, since it doesn't really matter what we put here, this is as good a time as any to list Jack Armstrong's 3 important training rules: First, make a friend of soap and water because dirt breeds germs and germs can make people sickly and weak. Second, get plenty of fresh air, sleep, and exercise. And third, every morning, eat a heaping bowl of Wheaties with plenty of milk, cream, sugar, and your favorite fruit. Oh, we almost forgot. We call this article

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF WEEDS

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

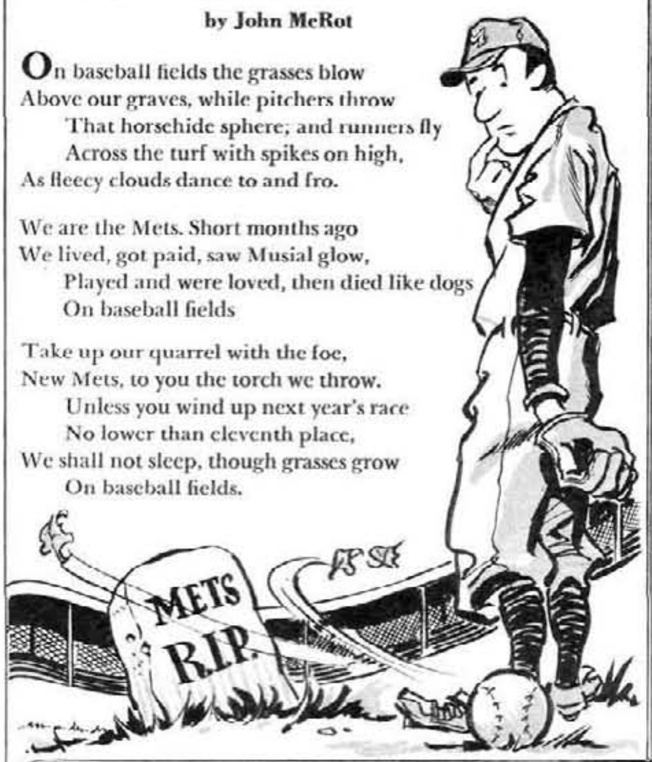
On Baseball Fields

by John McRot

On baseball fields the grasses blow
Above our graves, while pitchers throw
That horsehide sphere; and runners fly
Across the turf with spikes on high,
As fleecy clouds dance to and fro.

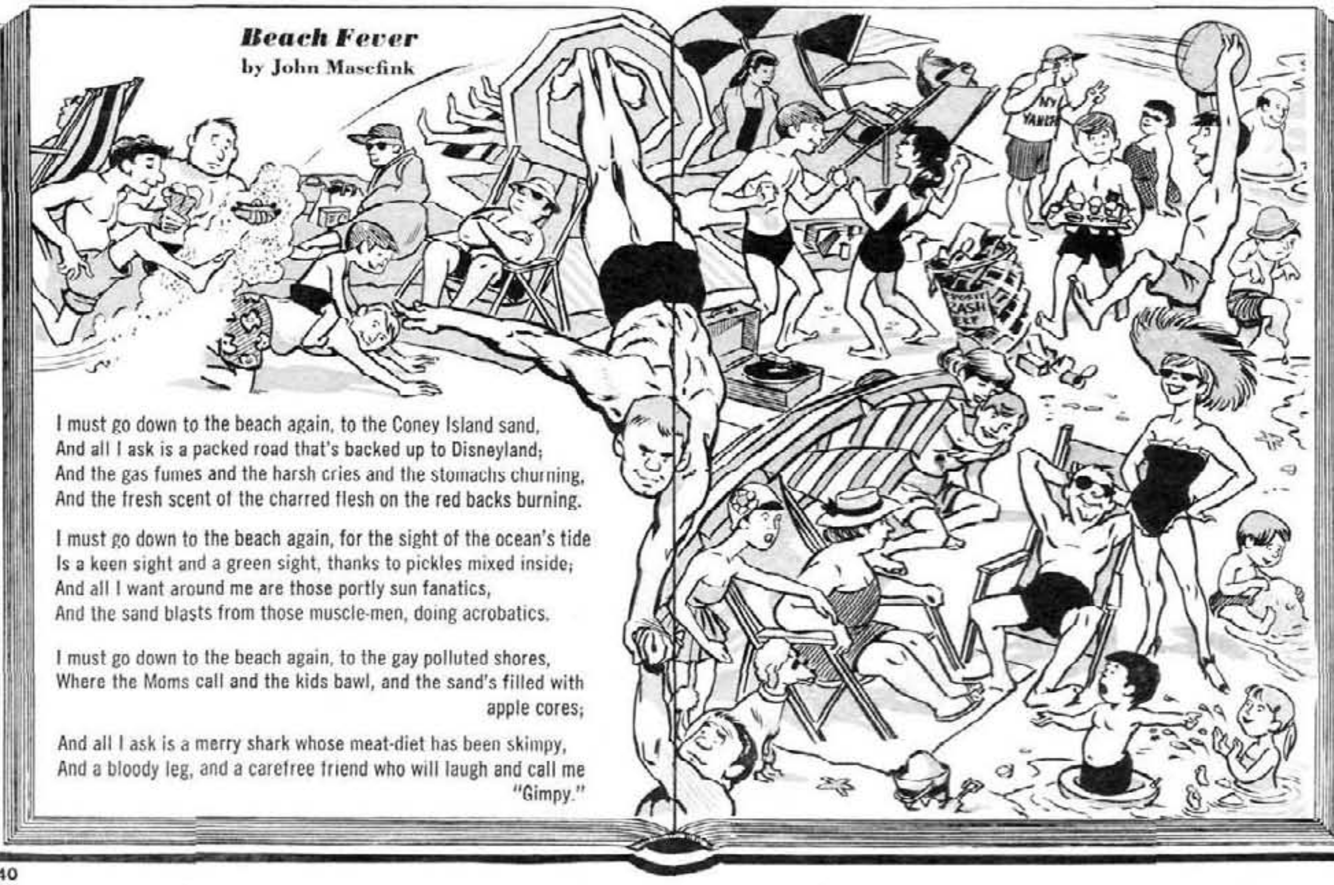
We are the Mets. Short months ago
We lived, got paid, saw Musial glow,
Played and were loved, then died like dogs
On baseball fields

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
New Mets, to you the torch we throw.
Unless you wind up next year's race
No lower than eleventh place,
We shall not sleep, though grasses grow
On baseball fields.



Beach Fever

by John Masefink



I must go down to the beach again, to the Coney Island sand,
And all I ask is a packed road that's backed up to Disneyland;
And the gas fumes and the harsh cries and the stomachs churning,
And the fresh scent of the charred flesh on the red backs burning.

I must go down to the beach again, for the sight of the ocean's tide
Is a keen sight and a green sight, thanks to pickles mixed inside;
And all I want around me are those portly sun fanatics,
And the sand blasts from those muscle-men, doing acrobatics.

I must go down to the beach again, to the gay polluted shores,
Where the Moms call and the kids bawl, and the sand's filled with apple cores;

And all I ask is a merry shark whose meat-diet has been skimpy,
And a bloody leg, and a carefree friend who will laugh and call me "Gimpy."

I Remember

by Thomas Hoot

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little bathroom down the hall
Where 19 raced each morn.
My 13 brothers hated me,
My sisters felt the same.
Mom never called me up to eat;
She didn't know my name.

I remember, I remember,
The walls so pale and white
That turned a vivid bloody red
When Mom and Dad would fight.
I learned about the birds and bees
When I was ten and three.
But I was so confused I thought
That I should wed a bee.



I remember, I remember,
The joys my schoolhouse gave,
How I came late for second grade
Because I had to shave.
I think that I shall ne'er forget
A girl named Emmy Lou.
I carried home her books from school
(Her boy friend told me to).

I remember, I remember,
All kinds of boyhood things.
How glad I am these memories
Can launch my heart on wings.
They bring much pleasure to my life
And give me quite a kick.
They also help my analyst
To find out why I'm sick.

Courage

by Robert W. Tsouris

When you're lost in the wood, and things don't look too good,
And defeat is smack in your sight,
When you're scared as all hell, a voice in you may yell,
"Get right in there, fellow, and fight!"
Perseverance persists, so you knot up your fists,
To battle with life, come what may;
But you might just get hurt rollin' there in the dirt . . .
Have you thought about runnin' away?

When you find life a chore, and the wolf's at your door,
And you're faced with a terrible plight,
And your back's to the wall and your chances are small . . .
Run off like a thief in the night!
Just learn how to quit and you'll never get hit,
And your eyes won't be moistened by tears.
Heroes' songs may be sung, but those suckers die young . . .
While you—you'll live ninety-eight years!



The Hunter's Hour

by Henry W. Lungfellow

Between the dawn and the sunset,
When the day is a-bloom like a flower,
Comes a pause in card-playing and drinking
That is known as the Hunter's Hour.

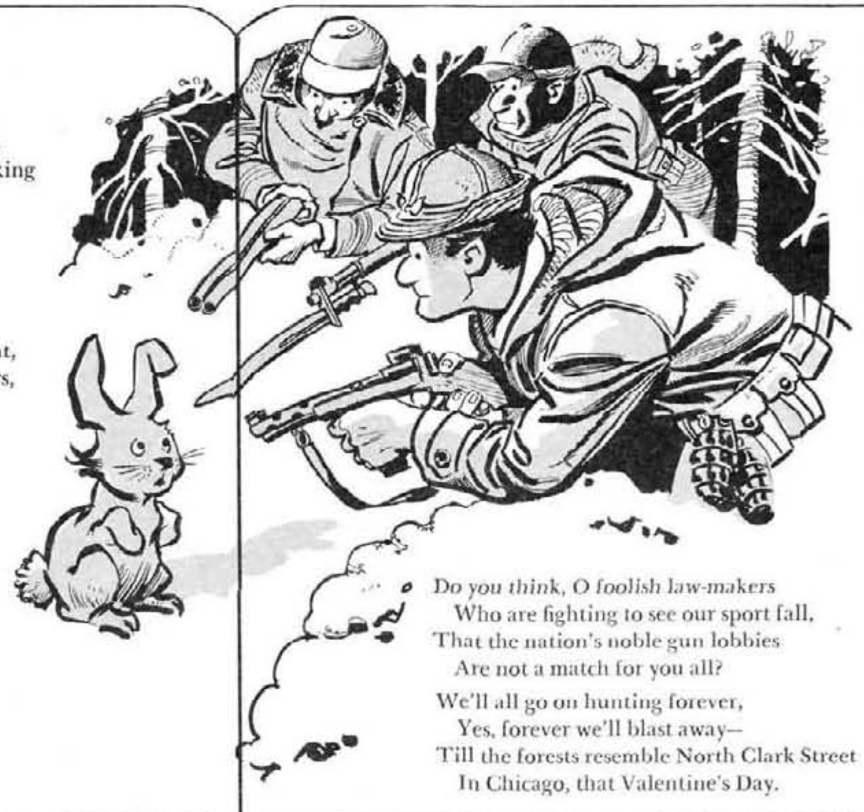
We hear in the woods there before us
An ominous forest beat,
The sound of Nature erupting,
The rumble of animals' feet.

From our tent flaps we see in the sunlight,
While sipping our golden Schlitz beers,
A chipmunk, a man-eating squirrel,
And a bunny with floppy ears.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet they know by our merry eyes
We are plotting and planning together
To blast them down like flies.

A sudden dash for machine guns,
A sudden rush for grenades!
A pause while our rifles are fixed with
The bayonets' shiny blades.

Then into the forest we scamper,
Our firearms blazing their flames,
We jolly good fellows and sportsmen
Engaged in our glorious games.



Do you think, O foolish law-makers
Who are fighting to see our sport fall,
That the nation's noble gun lobbies
Are not a match for you all?

We'll all go on hunting forever,
Yes, forever we'll blast away—
Till the forests resemble North Clark Street
In Chicago, that Valentine's Day.

Young Fellow My Son

by Robert W. Servecorn

"Where are you going, young fellow my son
On this beautiful day in May?"
"I'm going to find me a wife now, Mom;
There are women around, they say!"
"But you're only a child, young fellow my son!
You aren't obliged to wed!"
"I'm forty-five-and-a-half now, Mom!
Who knows, I may soon be dead!"

"So you're off to wed, young fellow my son,
To desert your mother, you mean?"
"I'm terribly sorry to leave you, Mom,
But I've been home since June '17!"
"You're breaking my heart, young fellow my son,
You're causing your mother torment."
"I'm forty-five-and-a-half now, Mom;
I'm as old as the President!"

"Why don't you call, young fellow my son?
I sit by the phone and pray.
I miss you so, and I'm awfully glum,
It's an hour since you've gone away.
And I've had the fire in the parlor lit,
And I'm holding your teddy bear tight!
Till my baby comes home, here I will sit
Into the quiet night."



"You're home, you're home, young fellow my son!
You've changed! Do you feel all right?
I haven't seen you since 7:01;
Why didn't you call or write?"
"I've found me a beautiful woman, Mom,
And would like to make her my wife!"
"My heart! I'm dying, young fellow my son!
My baby is ending my life!"

"Where are you going, young fellow my son
On this beautiful day in May?"
"I'd still like to find me a wife, dear Mom;
There are girls yet around, they say!"
"But you're only a child, young fellow my son!
You're causing your mother torment!"
"I'm sixty-eight! But forget it, Mom—
Er—have you seen my Polident?"

The Village Druggist

by Henry Wadsworth Longswallow



Under the towering Rx sign
The village druggist stands.
Oh what a mighty man is he,
Unbowed by his job's demands.
Yes, many's the ham and rye I've had
Made by his sinewy hands.

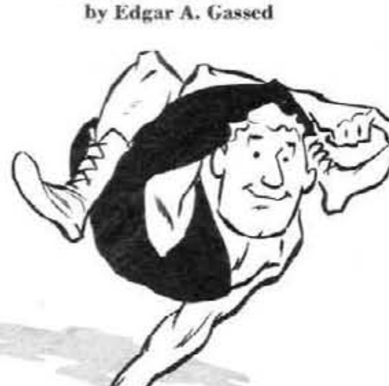
His hair is long and coarse and grey,
His face is etched with pain.
His eyes are dark, but kindly yet,
Though crises fog his brain:
Shall he re-stock "The Tropic of Cancer"
Or switch to Mickey Spillane?

Week in, week out, from morn till night
With his tools of trade he camps.
A modern Grecian god is he
There 'neath fluorescent lamps,
As he looks the whole world in the face
And tears off postage stamps.

When the pains of life weigh on his brow
And he's filled with misery,
I take my druggist by the hand
(The one more sinewy)
And he finds some Bromo and Bufferin
Down at the A&P.

It Cannot Be Done

by Edgar A. Gassed



A fellow once said it cannot be done,
But I gave a laugh and cried out
That "maybe it's true, but I would be one
To give it a good healthy bout!"
So I spit on my palms, rolled my sleeves up my arms,
In a second or two I'd begun it.
I started to sing as I tackled the thing
That cannot be done, AND I DONE IT!

(So what did you expect, the obvious trick ending where the guy *wouldn't* be able to do it? Besides, since this is an Edgar A. Gassed poem, it's just as funny, straight!)

TOUR DE FARCE DEPT.

Today, we are a nation of travelers. Whether for business, or for pleasure – on the land, the sea, the air, or the lam – Americans are constantly on the go, and it's high time we paid editorial heed to this phenomenal epidemic of wanderlust. So here are some of our observations, comments, and bad jokes—in

A MAD LOOK AT TRAVEL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: DON REILLY

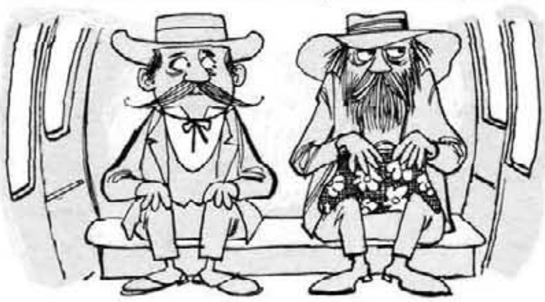
There was a time when travel in America was a risky business, and it took an "adventurous spirit" to brave the dangers involved in making a journey.



Today, of course, all that is changed—and traveling is safe and serene . . .



In the old days, you never knew who your traveling companions might turn out to be. You ran the risk of spending a long trip cooped up in a stagecoach with assorted undesirables—maybe murderers, even!



Today, of course, things are different. You have no such fears . . .



Years ago, travelers had to take elaborate precautions to protect their funds against thieves, bandits, etc.



However, modern travelers never carry more than $50 in cash—and thus they foil potential thieves and bandits.



STATIONS AND TERMINALS

In the old days, you had to stand in long lines at rail, bus, and air terminals, only to find out that you couldn't get the reservations you wanted.



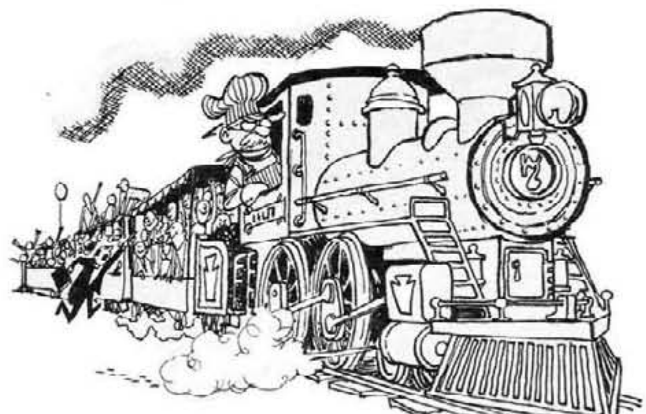
Today . . . rail, air, and bus ticket and reservation systems are marvels of efficiency. Through the miracle of electronics, you find out *instantly* that you can't have the reservation you want.



RAIL TRAVEL

The nation's railroads are in financial trouble. People just don't seem to be riding trains anymore. However, one of the most popular rides at amusement parks like Disneyland are the "antique train" rides. The answer, then, is simple: Bring back them antique trains, get rid of the streamliners, and folks will flock to the ticket windows.



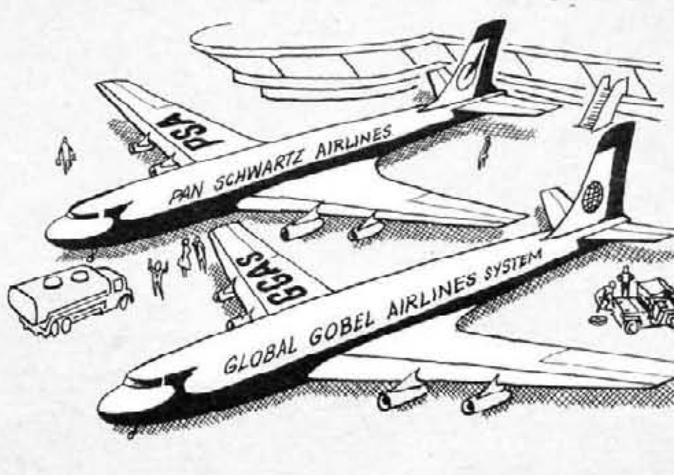


AIR TRAVEL

The traveler interested in flying is often confused by the wide variety of airline ads, all pushing their own supposedly superior aircraft and flight routes.



The fact is that all the competing airlines buy their planes from the same aircraft manufacturers, so the only difference between them is likely to be the color of the seat upholstery.



HOTELS

Hotels have changed a good deal over the years, too. They used to be mostly dingy, dusty places containing potted palms and lurking house detectives on the lookout for inappropriate behavior.

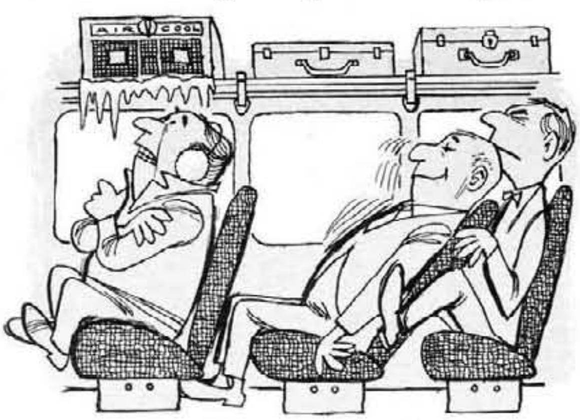


But all that has changed in today's ultra-modern, efficient hostelries . . .



BUS TRAVEL

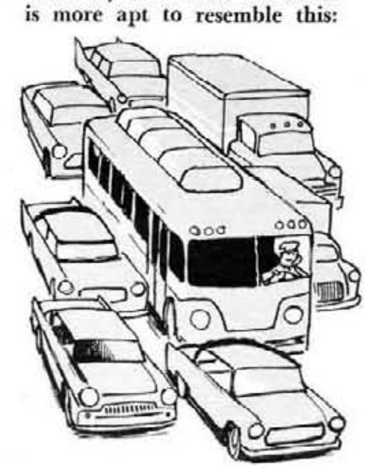
Bus travel is a good deal less rigorous than it used to be, now that buses have such modern refinements as air-conditioning and adjustable reclining seats.



In the ads, the bus is always pictured zooming along a wide scenic highway . . . like this:



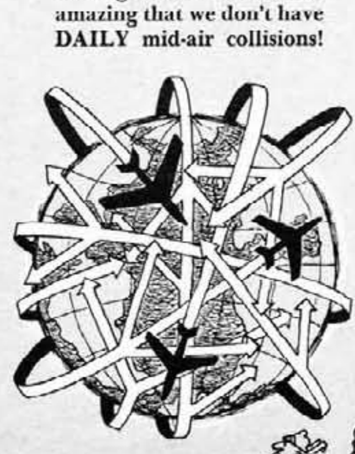
But anyone who has attempted travel by car knows the scene is more apt to resemble this:



Another interesting thing about airline ads are the drawings which show the routes the airline flies.



Put all these routes onto ONE globe, and it'll seem amazing that we don't have DAILY mid-air collisions!



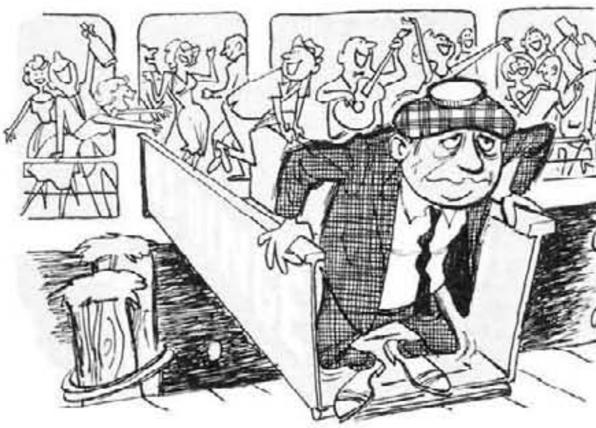
If you're traveling by air, make sure you don't exceed the allowable baggage weight, or you will have to pay an additional fee. Some people try to get around this by wearing all their suits, shirts and socks onto the plane, but this procedure is not recommended by us . . . especially if you're traveling during the warmer months.





OCEAN TRAVEL

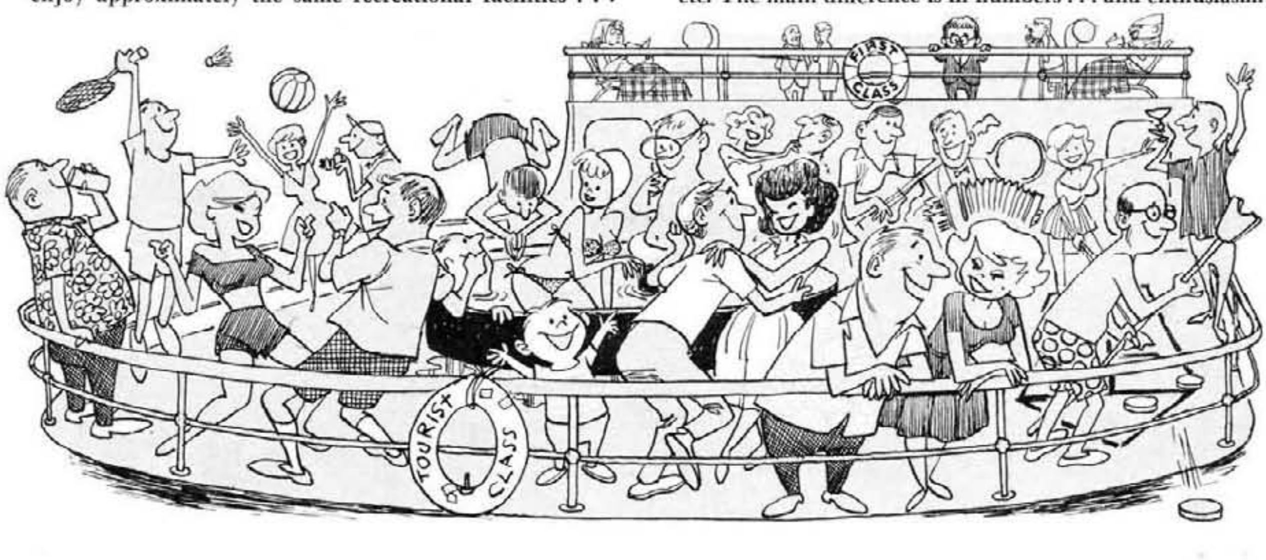
For those with time, there's nothing like an ocean voyage. But if you were to take advantage of all the gay festivities the average ocean liner offers, you'd arrive at your last port more in need of a hospital stay than a vacation.



When you buy a ticket for a sea voyage, the cost of your meals is included in the price of the passage. Shipping companies have to do it this way to make money, because if meals were to be billed separately, there'd be quite a few people who wouldn't owe very much after the trip.



First-Class and Tourist-Class passengers on ocean liners enjoy approximately the same recreational facilities . . . like swimming, dancing, deck sports, cocktails, parties, etc. The main difference is in numbers . . . and enthusiasm.



Personal service is the by-word on an ocean liner. Staff members make each passenger feel like an honored guest...



In fact, as each passenger disembarks at the end of the voyage, they confer upon him "The Order of the Palm". . .

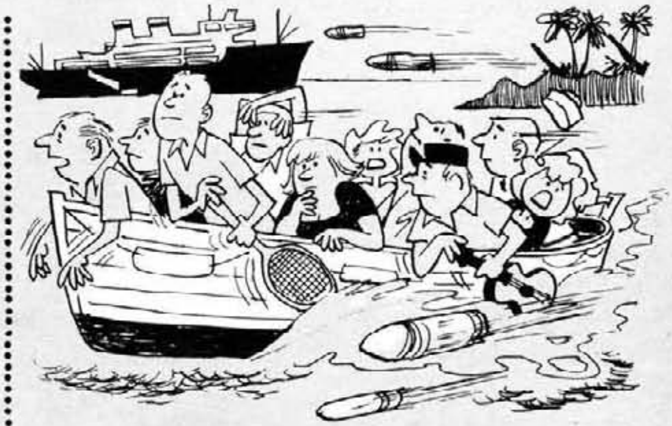


CRUISES

Luxury cruises to Caribbean and South American ports are popular with vacationers, especially in the Winter months.

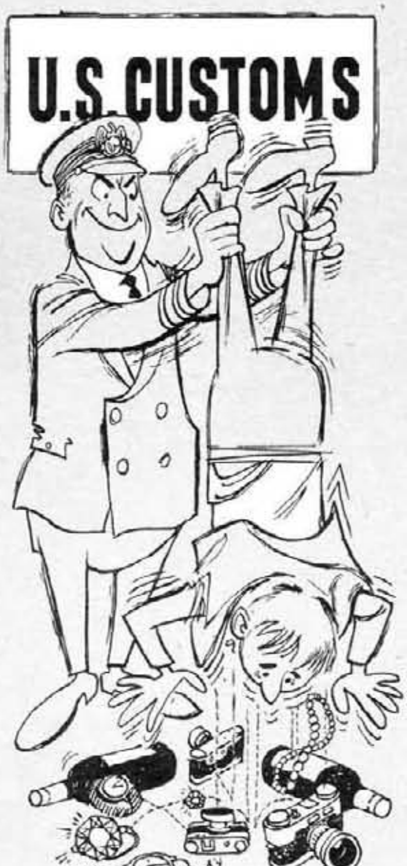


However, the political atmosphere being what it is in that area, sudden changes in itinerary are sometimes necessary.



CUSTOMS INSPECTION

World travelers are often carried away by shopping bargains found abroad, and upon returning to face Custom Inspectors, may try to avoid paying duty on the items they've purchased. However, these amateur smugglers rarely get by, because sharp-eyed Customs Men are quick to spot any hidden contraband . . .



HOW CUSTOMS MEN SPOT HIDDEN CONTRABAND

Some of the Tell-Tale Give-Aways They Look For

GUILTY LOOKS



UNEXPECTEDLY HEAVY ITEMS



BIZARRE OR INAPPROPRIATE ARTICLES OF APPAREL

Strange Gloves or Mittens



Strange Trouser Cuffs



Strange Souvenir Hats



ANATOMICAL ODDITIES

Bulging cheeks



Bulging Bustles



Bulging Bulges



SOME HELPFUL TRAVEL HINTS

WHAT TO WEAR

Modern travelers need never worry about laundry problems thanks to the new Wash-and-Wear clothing. Just rinse 'em out, let 'em dry, and put 'em on (the manufacturers say!)



What the manufacturers don't say is: You'll look terrible in them! But since all your fellow travelers will be wearing the miserable stuff, too, you won't be too conspicuous.



WHAT TO CARRY

A woman traveling alone is wise to carry a big hatpin because the men she meets may not all be gentlemen!



That is, if her hat should blow off, there's not much chance a man'll run after it — so she better be sure it's pinned on real tight!





WHAT TO TIP

Many travelers are always wondering whether they've left a big enough "tip." In most cases, bellhops, waiters, cab drivers and so forth have subtle little ways of letting a customer know if the tip is a bit less than they expected.



LOOKING AHEAD IN TRAVEL

It is exciting to contemplate what modern technology may soon make available for the traveling public. For example, a passenger missile capable of leaving its launching pad in New York and setting down in Paris 20 minutes later. And even more exciting is the prospect of travel to the *moon* . . . or maybe to *other planets* for your vacation . . .



Although the idea of two weeks on Mars may seem exotic to the modern earthbound traveler, we're sure that once he arrives, he'll find *some* things are truly *universal!*







Because owning your own car is one headache after another

Of course, we could have put lots of other props on the seat to emphasize our point—like the check book you'll need to finance your buggy, or the gasoline credit card you'll use to keep the heap going, or the keys to that garage door you'll have to shovel snow from in front of, or piles of service station repair bills, or insurance policies, or . . . Well, you know! We think you get the message by now, which is: "Take a Taxi—it's Cheaper!"

YOU CAN'T a-Ford TO OWN A CAR

"A Taxi is Cheaper—in the Long Run!"

CHECKER, Parmelee, Veterans, Capitol, YELLOW METRO, Sky-View, Station, Terminal and IRVING'S CABS

Associated Taxi Companies of America